IN · THE · EARTH · WORLD

AND · SPIRIT · WORLD

EDWY · WELLS · FOSTER

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MAN:

ADVENT AND DESTINY.

MAN

THE STORY OF HIS ADVENT LIFE AND DEVELOPMENT

IN THE

Earth World

AND HIS

CONTINUED LIFE AND PROGRESSION

IN THE

Spirit World

WITH A DESCRIPTION IN ALLEGORY OF HIS PRINCIPAL AIDS AND COUNSELLORS

Told in Epic Verse

BY

EDWY WELLS FOSTER

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THIS BOOK

IS

Fraternally Dedicated

TO ALL FREE-MINDED, INTELLIGENT INQUIRERS

OF THE RACE OF MAN,

ON WHATSOEVER CONTINENT AFOOT

OR OCEAN WAVE AFLOAT.

CONTENTS.

IN TWO PARTS.

PAGE

INTRODUCTION ix

PART FIRST.

The Advent of Man: His Cosmic Relations, Aids, and Counsellors in his First Home.

THE EARTH WORLD 1

PART SECOND.

Man's Entrance, Life, and Progressive Opportunities in his Final Home.

THE SPIRIT WORLD 88

INTRODUCTION.

In consideration of Man's amazing progress and achievements, the more especially illustrated of late years through his astonishing triumphs and explorations in all directions from the central impulse of his will and intelligence, it would seem to demand in the name of truth, as well as for himself, that a new statement, or revision of his place in the Universe, and his relations thereto, should be set forth.

Man being without a rival in his own realm, these, his later, and greater victories become curiously significant from the fact that he has arrived at the present, brilliant activities of his genius on the earth, wholly in opposition to, or in spite of, his own previous barbaric, and childish conceptions of himself, of his birth-right, and of his prophecy; all of which antiquities of belief, with but little modification, or concession, have continued to prevail — in some directions at least — even to the present time.

The new, and relatively modern condition of Man's material, and spiritual outlook, may be more especially and

appropriately emphasized at this time, being the close of his most prosperous century thus far, and of his entrance into a new, and doubtless a still grander century-field of efforts, and victories to come.

The paragraphs which follow, are offered as a brief contribution, or chapter, to that greatest of all gospels, which, through time, is yet to be written and entitled, The Gospel of Man.

1. Man is the hope and crown of Nature, by reason of his personally conscious Spirit. Within, and around him, are the elements and forces of Cosmos; and of which aggregation, he is the only responsible and human representative.

2. It is also true, that Man is duplex by gift of Nature; and is potential in both material and spiritual expression, and achievement;

3. And that all the triumphs of Man in earth-life, are due, not only to the power, energy, and persistence of his own spirit-force within, but to such aid as he may derive from kindred, helpful spirits in the higher, or spirit-life.

4. That all power and practical dominion on the earth will finally be Man's through his oneness, or harmony, with the eternal Laws of Spirit.

5. That already many of the mightiest forces of Nature are even now under his subjection as an earnest of his final triumph over all.

6. That Man is the last of a series of births, or processes, come to a triumphant fact through the evolution of lower, and divers forms; all of which he, of course, in some measure, or by some relation, more or less includes.

7. It is Man's great privilege to grow from unripeness to ripeness through the ages to come, as in the past; and through good or ill, to advance progressively towards higher and nobler states of being.

8. It is true, also, that which is called "Death," is only a passing act, and not a finality; and its mystery will be revealed to each human soul, that in its own due time, shall enter into the life which is beyond the vail.

9. In his earth-life it is Man's highest duty to search intelligently the practical relations which he bears to others of his kind, and to the material, physical, and spiritual environment of the world around him. It is under these conditions that he must be his own "saviour," his own "redeemer"; for there can be no substitutes in this work, since, on this personal experience, depends the very growth and perfection of his own individual soul, or spirit.

10. It is not necessary that these higher and nobler

efforts of Man in his earth-life should be wrought out "with fear and trembling"; but rather with joy, and trust, and hopefulness.

11. The earliest inhabitants of the spirit-world, being solely those who had, from time to time, come hither from the primitive earth-plane of their nativity, possessed only the crudest thoughts or perceptions for myriads of generations; and therefore, of course, could impart nothing higher to their equally ignorant and savage brothers on the earth.

12. But after great length of time, and now from the natural contest of ideas, and the consequent development of expression — though feeble in the extreme at first — more and more was intellectual and spiritual power thus generated among those of the spirit-world; till at last, they found ways to communicate, more or less perfectly, with those who were living in mortal and earthly bonds.

13. Among all the forces and activities of the Universe, there appears the personal sovereignty of Man, who, though born of Spirit, and immortal as they, is beyond this, the only creature of self-conscious and progressive intelligence in the whole Cosmical Order of Creation.

14. Through the genius of his specially conscious gifts, and inheritance, Man becomes in the ultimate of his career,

the Prophet of Time and the Interpreter of Cosmos; for he carries in the potential character of his double nature, the knowledge and experience of both mortality, and immortality, or, the essence and vibration of both material and spiritual achievement.

15. An ancient Seer once said to a disciple, The man whose mind permitteth him to know but one religion, knoweth no religion.

16. The question, "What is Man that thou art mindful of him?" should read, What is Man that thou shouldst not be mindful of him?

17. Without Man, Earth would be a wilderness of warring beasts; its plains be tenantless; and its oceans, bare of sails. But Man, since his coming, hath builded to its glory and renown among the planets, as in Art and Architecture, in Science and Literature, and by myriads of other triumphs, and betterments, unheard of and unbidden but for him.

18. Under the laws of his inheritance of two estates, the Earth-world, and the Spirit-world, Man beareth in their order, two births, two bodies, and two lives. The first series being physical, or mortal; and the second series spiritual, or immortal; hence the paradox, Man was born both mortal and immortal.

19. It is through this double series of experiences that all mankind pass without distinction of time, or place, race, color, or religion. As Man preceded by a vast stretch of time any theoretical, or religious conception of himself, the act, or law of his coming and going, remained entirely independent of all his subsequent theological dogmas, and speculations.

20. Man is the only creature who has named himself, and has declared that he alone is human. He has persisted amid some of the greatest dangers and changes of the earth; and has prospered, however slowly at times, from his first distant appearance on the globe, to the present hour.

21. The sublime cosmical order of his genesis, and exodus, has continued without change, or suspension, from the initial light of his primeval dawn; and it still remains, as constant as at first, unheedful of the jealous warnings of Fate, or the storms and vicissitudes of Time.

22. Finally: through all the future life and development of the human being, Man, as from the first of his nativity, the paternal fatherhood of impersonal, Eternal Mind, will doubtless continue to seek expression, and be manifested, forever and forever.

EDWY WELLS FOSTER, M.D.

Boston, March, 1900.

PART FIRST.

THE ADVENT OF MAN: HIS COSMIC RELATIONS, AIDS, AND COUNSELLORS IN HIS FIRST HOME— THE EARTH WORLD.

THE MEASURE OF TIME, WHO CAN MEASURE IT? SPIRIT IS THE FULNESS OF THAT MEASURE WHICH COMPASSETH ALL THINGS.

THOTH.

MAN.

PART FIRST.— THE EARTH WORLD.

PRELUDE.

Time was when Nature, Mother of all life,
The faithful consort of Eternal Mind,
Prepared an issue of maternity,
Wherein a species new, and culminate,
Should pass all preconception on the Earth
In aspect, and in reason, speech, and will,
To the attainment of sublimest ends.
This one of all her countless progeny,
She brooded over with prophetic care;
And cherished with an infinite desire;
Forewilled him heir to all her vast estate;
To have dominion over land and sea;
Command all creatures, calling them apart;

That moved by fin, or feather; crawled, or walked;
That breathed the air, or in the waters swam;
To name the glories of the firmament;
And finally possess celestial heights.
The Earth, at last conditioned, was approved.
The night was soft, and calm, — the seas were still.
The planets favoring, were at their best,
And in conjunction for the greatest good.
The hour drew near, propitious for the birth,
Designed by its nativity to be
The last, and highest of mind organized,
And type ancestral of a race called Man.
While Nature waited the parturient act,
Full in the hope of right accomplishment,
The human dawn of being slowly rose;
And as the morn advanced, by faint degrees,
The vapors of the night distilled away
From out the cradle of a dreamless past,
And on the shores of Time projected, lay,
The sceptred child, potential of a god.

This firstling of a race, whose venture proved
The grandest episode in time, or space,
In childhood was forlorn, and destitute;
With no associates of friendly face;
No earthly parents, human, like himself,
To brood his tender and defenceless life;
Nor voice, nor language heard, nor mother knew—
Save Nature, in whose rugged arms he slept,
Or waked, to find her still his only hope.

Before the advent of this novel child,—
Having two natures, heir to double worlds,
Nature was wont to keep her counsel close,
And circumspect, to compass her design
When she proposed a species separate,
Either of bird or beast not seen before;
Which afterwards, from its initial point,
Would issue form and likeness of its kind.
So in his case, unto the end attained,
Her occult forces blent harmonious.

To institute a birth original,
Were strange, indeed; but, that a child of such

Should keep its life from infancy, to age,
Nourished, and held from danger and from loss,
Among its many foes, were stranger still.
He was alone precursor of a race
That had — as yet — no history on Earth;
Nor friends, nor parents had preceded him —
Passing the first gates Death had opened here —
For, never one like him had entered yet,
Into the realm beyond, of endless youth.
Thus was the Spirit World without a soul,
That, once of Earth, had borne the name of Man.
Established though it was, eternally,
With all its elemental forces raised
To lustrous powers — at once the primal source
Of spiritual life, and physical —
This upper world, with ever welcome gates,
Must needs await the coming of its guest —
Till he had passed the challenge of the Earth;
While Nature, striving, urged the laggard soil,
So to make welcome for th' initial child,
Who would be herald of that human host,
Which, since that time, crowd to the plains above.

As heaven was desolate of Man till he
Arrived from Earth, so was the Earth devoid
Of him till Nature's gestatory act
Brought him, a stranger, to her mortal shores.
But not, therefore, till fit conditions came, —
When all the elements concerned in him,
In equipoise had met to this intent.
Nor, could he come to birth, while still the globe
Was hot from all its lately smothered fires;
And others, bursting from its rocky sides
With deadly gas; and all around was bare,
Torrid, and bleak, with stifling atmosphere.
Nor yet: when the great glaciers, mountainous,
Pressed down the frozen land, in cold embrace;
Nor after many ages following,
Till moving downward with resistless might,
Like monstrous Titans, — ill concealing wrath,
Plow'd flinty paths to warm seas, cooling them;
Having, with ponderous, slow-grinding teeth,
Reduced the surface of the boldest rocks
Below, to mud of powder'd stone and ice.
This, in the vales, was spread along the way

In varied depth ; while their resisting walls,
Received but scanty covering, or none.
All this necessitous, ere Man could come ;
For hereby was the soil made on the Earth,
Which was to be the base of lower life, —
First in the growth of plants, and next of beasts.

To this new face of Earth, was added oft
What earthquakes terrible, brought from the sea,
Increasing the area of land reclaimed ;
Heaving at times their burdens to such heights,
That far above the fertile plains they rose,
Cloud-capp'd, alone, and inaccessible.
Next, this deposit, further decomposed
By sun, and wind, — by frost, and rain, — became
In lapse of time, with verdure clad. Then grass,
And shrubs, and trees, — some towering mightily,
By deltas warm, or steaming marshes, grew
Luxuriant, — the first life on the globe.
Though 'mongst the lowest in the vital scale
As beings, yet their labors marvellous ;
For they converted water, earth, and air,

By the great Sun's rays into nourishment
For beast and bird that were to follow next.
These verdant instruments accomplished this
In root, and leaf, and flower, by light and heat,
Through subtile alchemy of minerals,
Transforming inert force to living forms;
And what they gave in seed, or leaf, or blade,
Promoted higher planes of being in
All bodies, organized, and physical: —
Not only bone and tissue giving, but,
These taking up the storage of the plant —
As so much energized material,
Found strength, and will, avail continuous;
Thus were the plants fore-builders of that state,
Which animals held in th' accomplished fact.

Herein the Sun took part as almoner
To physical existence on the globe.
His gifts were shown by food and energy
His chemic rays engendered in the plant;
For all the products of the grain, or leaf,
Were by the Sun, charged with vitality,

In prophecy of all the living store
The next, but higher types would soon require.
Besides the food which plants had stored for Man,
In seed, or leaf, or root, as best agreed,
And that in turn, derived from animals,
From water, and from air,—all energized,
And fitted to his life by solar rays,—
There issued other waves of chemic force
Still further from the Sun, that vitalized
His brain, and touched increasingly his life,
As governed by his nervous power, and will;
Changing his temper, plans, expectancies,
By forces powerful, though all unseen.

From out the burning body of the Sun,
Poured rays electric on the whirling Earth,
With it continuing from East to West;
While at right angles to th' electric belt,
Were rays magnetic, pointing North, and South,
Making a magnet of the Earth. Hereby,
With trembling needle charged, the mariner,
Finds the true North in fog, or blinding storm.

The Sun, as from his golden throne, ruled Earth,
From minerals, up through all life — to Man.
The planets, too, were magnets like the Earth;
Even the Sun, the mightiest of all,
Whose vast, and potent body, drew all things.
Indeed, both Sun, and planets, so controlled
The Earth, — or home of Man, for good, or bad,
Through greater volumes of magnetic force,
That, had not Man been guarded from their strength
By distance great, they had o'erwhelmed him quite.

Since that he first received th' initial breath,
Man has been subject to these occult powers, —
His nature drawing them, as they did him.
But all the greater planets differed much
In kind, and in effect upon mankind;
Some baleful, some beneficent in force,
He, through experience, soon learned to feel
And hold them separate in these respects,
Giving them name, and place, accordingly.
Therefore by constitution polarized,
He was, in part, magnetic with all worlds, —

A citizen at large, and heir of time;
The child of all the elements of space.

Now came that kingdom, Animal, by name,
On hoof, or claw-foot, and on wing, or fin;
Living in seas, and rivers, or in swamps;
In dark, deep forests, or in open land.
From polp to beast prodigious in his bulk,
And strength. Insects, and birds of giant stride.
Monsters reptilian in tepid swamps.
Fishes of every scale, and those without, —
All these preceding Man. Their bony frames —
As witnesses of their existence, Earth,
In fossil volumes keeps inviolate.
Before these came, the air was sulphurous,
And too unbalanced yet for lowest life.
Then was it tainted with the noisome breath
Of many a fiery peak, and gaping seam;
And all the elements chaotic were,
And dense, and poisonous. The cooling globe
That followed next, brought equilibrium,
And made it possible for such as they,

And all the thick, rank plants, preceding them.
This motley herd, — of beastly appetite,
That roamed upon the old primeval world —
Especially, the greater quadrupeds
Of hugely cavernous, transforming lungs, —
Had, with all plant-life, changed, or modified,
The recent land's distempered atmosphere,
Through ages acting mutual, for good.

At last these agents primitive, grew old ;
And Earth was riper for a higher stage.
The mighty trees, and the great leafy plants ;
The mammoth animals that fed thereon ;
The ugly saurians, and monstrous birds ;
And all the first, and ruder forms of life,
Became effeminate, and weak, leaving
To their descendants a diminished type,
Yet better for conditions next in store ;
More highly organized in all respects, —
Of finer nerves, and parts, and properties.
Long had the old, as pioneers lived,
Now to be passed by others on the march ;

And meeting here the limit of their strength,
Retreating — one by one, they disappeared
By ranks, and species, never to return,
Strewing memorial their mighty paths.

The best survived of all that went before —
Of vegetable growths, and animals —
When the great human epoch was approached;
And so surviving, most continued on.
Some wild, some made subservient to use, —
The former passing out from age to age;
While those domesticated, held their place,
Providing help, or food, or even both.

When all these things preceding, had prevailed,
And Earth was now in ripeness more advanced,
And food was plenty — both by land and stream —
The living belt of atmosphere refined,
And all the seasons equable of sort,
Genial in climate — favored by the Sun —
And all the elements so compromised,
That a new race of beings could survive

By just relations to environment,
Man came; made welcome then, but not before;
For, in the natural order of their lives —
Nor blade, nor beast, nor bird, nor being else,
Had come to birth till Nature called for them,
Or they would perish, as before their time.

So when the globe, long since redeemed by fire,
Now cool and separate — as sea, from land;
With soil laid on its bare and rocky breast,
The waters peopled with their finny host,
With plants and verdure now upon the land,
That, with the seas, can furnish nourishment
For any biped, quadruped, or fowl —
When all these things in worthiness were fixed,
And useful now — the human creature came,
Who long had been expected on the Earth.

And this was Man — the promised, crowning type
Of all the rest, — a cosmopolitan.
He was omniverous, potential, free;
Developed out of an ascending scale
In his organic structure and design.

The base: of minerals, earth, water, air.
His food: of vegetables, grains, and fruits.
His form: complex in parts, and wonderful, —
Allied to animals, in flesh, and bone.

Thus was the human body builded up,
For the indwelling of the creature, Man;
Who, pushing upward from his lowly birth,
Kin to the soil, the plant, the animal,
Passing all manner of vicissitudes,
Living with beasts, — above them, now below, —
Learning but slowly through his infancy,
Yet had evolved the art of government
As simplest shown in families, and tribes.

Then, who was largest, or drew longest bow,
Or had more force, and will, or wrought some deed
Astonishing, or had the stronger arm, —
In battle bravest, or in council best, —
Then was he hailed a hero, chief, or king;
Who, dying, oft was worshiped as a god.

Some think this child, primordial of Man,
As to his sex, was born androgynous —

Partaking of both sexes — as is seen
In many a lower animal, and plant, —
Self-fertilizing, and bi-sexual, —
And so remained at first, and multiplied,
Till, giving issue in divided sex,
This last persisted and was permanent
On either side; but that the former state,
Having an introduction served — dropped out,
And seldom in the human race returned;
Then, only here, and there — by accident.
Some think Man first a double body had,
And joined together, back to back, or side
To side; and next, becoming separate,
Each differed as to sex from that time on,
As many ancient legends have set forth.
It profits little now to either side,
Since witnesses were never to be had
To testify, for none were present then,
And such as came thereafter, near the time,
Were without power of reason, or of speech.
Their feeble brains felt only rudest sense,
While all they saw, was blindest mystery;

And of the simplest things they had no thought,
So were not pressed as yet for utterance.

But this appears: that concrete Man is one
In soul and body, mind and destiny —
In each, identical the elements;
And, when his sexes are united, they
Will yield but one — each to his body bound —
Save some abnormal union before birth;
So one of these, again joined as before,
The same resultant unit will ensue, —
This sex, or that, as Nature shall decree:
One leading forth the line, and then the next.

When infant Man had passed his helpless state,
Using, though feebly, his empowered gifts,
Choosing the simplest by necessity,
He filled the wants that pressed him most, as best
He could, with the apparent means at hand.
Thus, struggling upward like some humble plant,
The seed of which, from some strange land was brought,
And dropped mid brambles wild, or rocky soil, —
So did the first ones of the race advance,

Through trials hazardous, and perils dire,
In spite of all the threatening bolts of fate,
And stature dwarfed by circumstance, and want.
The next in line—so on, continuous,
Received the imprint of those gone before;
And, as the years advanced, by ages dim,
Their bulk of knowledge left for common good,
Fell to the use of those still pushing on,
And had—from the beginning of mankind.
The law held that each child inherited
Peculiar tendencies, either from one,
Or both immediate, or farther back.
This storage of experience, or traits,
Or whims, retained and made incorporate,
Revealed themselves in product of the child,
Or overflowed expressive in his face,
In subtile types of feature, registered.

These things made certain ties, the bond of all;
Giving the brand of tribes, or families;
Whether in spirit, mind, or temp'rament;
And so distinguished them from animals

Of anthropoidal shapes; or later on,
Differed from those who left th' ancestral huts
When lands grew poor, or were too populous,
And now were strangers to their ancient homes,
In language, customs, traits. Such facts were due
To change of life, and shift of circumstance;
Though differing in these respects, each tribe
That held to certain marks indelible,
Could trace its lines to common ancestry.

But who shall say of Nature's last success,
In Man, that many efforts to this end
Before, may not have perished by the way—
Coming to naught for all her care, and pains?
E'en such we see among her later works,
And many former ones that came to life—
Lived a few ages—and then passed away:—
Of animals, extinct ere Man was born,
Or, perished from the Earth long afterwards,
Whose mighty frames are yet discovered low
In rocky beds, or deep in bog, or vale.
How many times she had essayed her best—

Of every species, who shall estimate!
Many a link is absent from her chain,
Now past all knowledge to substantiate.
Who knows that Man would now be called her best,
But for some fatal error in a plan,
Wherein a greater being was designed?
No man can say, since he imperfect is;
Knowing himself as limited in strength
In one age, as another. Seeking the cause,
Finds mind and body suffer mutual,
From loss of power inherent in the bond.
To gain one thing, another he must lose;
If mind o'erpowers, then the body breaks;
Or if the body claims all exercise,
Then mind becomes enfeebled by disuse.

All seeds the husbandman casts in the ground,
Trusting a fruitful season to ensue,
Do not appear upon th' expected time,
Meeting with some obstructive circumstance.
Man finding Nature vary in response
To most of his endeavors for the best,

May say that likely in his case, she too
Was subject to the slips of chance, or loss;
For seeds once sown, are like to trials made —
Either they come to fruitage, or they fail.
So, mayhap, Nature many efforts made
That came to naught, before the present Man;
Or, seeing since his helpless infant stage —
Where other creatures quickly run alone —
She had regarded it a grievous fault,
In view of safety for the coming race,
And other trials made, and others lost.

It is an ancient saying that the strong
Survive the weak; but then again 'tis true,
That evil natures oft o'ercome the good;
And things inconsequent stop out the best.
But whether Man is Nature's best attempt,
The first of many lost, or last of all,
One knows not for the lack of living proof;
But reason can build postulates the same,
And in the place of facts, their semblance give.
Seeing how hopeless, then, her oft-tried task,

To raise a better race than that called Man,
She doubtless had her hope, that, after all,
If time were given him to blunder on,
With such assistance she might give to him
In compensation for her accidents,
He could arrive somewhere towards the best —
Near to that one she held ideally —
In spite of all the trials made, and lost.

Still more: and who shall say that she has not
Upon some planet else, obtained her wish,
Finding conditions better to her mind,
And less despairing, than upon the Earth —
Then in a turbulent and changing state,
Where finer organisms could not thrive
Without a rough, and beast-like infancy,
Which was the common lot of early Man?
Logic in one case, as the other, holds,
And doubtless everywhere should keep its path,
Whether it pleases human pride, or not;
But this suffices: — now, Man has no peer,
Whatever might have come to pass instead.

Having his faults, his weaknesses, his strength;
Falling and rising ever on his way,
He yet shall find, beyond the voice of doubt,
The riddle solved which compasses his life.
What error might have been deplorable
In some new creature, near, but unlike him —
Taking his place on Earth as substitute —
Or, what delightful perfectness appeared
In one superior in all his parts,
The present being — Man, — who named himself —
Is quite sufficient as a wondrous fact:
Being a citizen of double worlds,
Who, though he had his advent upon one,
Transferred into the other, has no end.
In one, a mortal, sharing day by day,
All of the hardships of a pilgrim poor;
Immortal in the next as spirit, free
To act, and grow in knowledge, evermore.

It came to pass, then, after Nature's wish,
A child was come on Earth, first of his kind.
That he survived, and to his stature came,

Which had, somehow, been limited for him,
As for all animals, by her decree;
And he produced his likeness, and increased.
Though born of spirit as to soul, and mind,
He was impoverished in both estates,
To that extent he was a savage, wild;
Nor conscience had, nor moral sentiment,
Therefore, no knowledge what was good, or bad.
Knew not what life was, nor much more of death,
For both to him were yet in mystery.
He had not risen to the plane of thought,
To know his body separate from soul;
Hence, had there been no prophecy in him,
Which promised victory in after time,
When he could rise above his beastly lot,
He still with bipeds, chattering, had stayed;
Yet as companion, he would higher range
In cunning judgment, and instinctive power.
His body, earthly — as to flesh, and bone —
Came in the line of all mortality;
And so like animals was he sustained
By food, and air, by shelter, and defence,

And, by the senses, common to them both.
Hereby he kept with beasts in parallel,
Until at last, increased beyond them all
Was his intelligence, which grew by use,
Reacting with the mind's progressive strength.

The senses five with which Man was endowed,
As Seeing, Hearing, Smelling, Tasting, Touch,
Were sworn to act as sentinels, alert;
Guarding the gates, through which intelligence
Of outward things, alone could come to him.
Whate'er they saw, they must report at once,
To shield his body, or inform his mind.
On the first five attending, was the sixth —
A sense interior, or Consciousness —
Who held the outer sentries corporate,
Or took perceptions separate from each,
And so within the serried pentagon,
A herald was, or swift interpreter.

This one slept never, save when peaceful Night
Stooped low, and wrapped Man in her drowsy wings;

Or Day, becalmed, spread some inviting couch,
Where care was lost in brief forgetfulness.
These lapses, all the senses shared as well,
Whereof there came repose from tear, and tire;
For slumber healed the waste of energy,
Giving new force for next continuance.
Of such importance was this inner guard,
It was decreed that he could never halt,
Save in such periods of needful rest;
Else when some hurt, or spell, had blotted mind
In brief oblivion to outward things;
Or when the body had been overborne
To such indignity, that Death had seized
With fatal hands, and stopped the springs of life.
The pickets five gave their detailed reports
To Consciousness, of all which they observed —
Or good, or bad, for profit, or reverse.
But if one in his path of duty met
Disaster, or dismay — in ambush crouch'd —
Or sudden shot, or ruthless ending stroke,
Then dropped the faithful warder at his post,
No more to serve the office of his trust;

While on the rest, remaining, came the push
Of work redoubled, vigilance increased.

Of facts external which each one perceived,
And gave to Man through voice of Consciousness,
Some struck rude chords of savage harmony;
Or shocked with pain, or paralyzed with fear;
Or brought sweet sounds as if from paradise;
And altars lit, which had not flamed before.
Again, reports stole soft, on noiseless feet;
At first with slow, inquiring, cautious steps,
Whose phantom footfalls teased his childish brain,
Continuous. But few were then revealed;
Such only, as by force of clumsy search
Stood forth as pale conjectures of the truth,
Which later knowledge would the more unfold.
The rest were held in wonderment, and fear,
Unguessed their dim beginnings, and their end;
While hope, whose flame had fired his simple faith,
Led him in crudest worship; and the powers,
Which Nature's gloomy moods made terrible,
Or, those beneficent, — to him, were gods.

Instincts for safety, or for betterment,
Impelled him forth to worship these for gain:
One set he would appease; the other, praise;
Thus hoping to accomplish his content.
But the great powers of Nature, grinding still,
Paid never heed to what they could not feel;
And even incense, sacrifice, or prayer,
Can find no heart in them that heartless are.

When Man at length advanced to larger growth, —
Could realize as standing by himself,
And felt relation with the things he saw,
As being, somehow, equal heir with them,
He yet small knowledge had of facts observed,
Or those he heard, or smelled, or tasted, touched;
Yet was he knowing to some active force
That held him exercised, and curious.
Herein his senses were conspicuous,
For they were all in all, defence to him,
Inviting onward to some higher good,
Or warning soft, or loud, of injury.
His sharpened instincts were, like creatures else,

Still sensuous, and led by appetite
As yet uncultured, unrebuked, and strong.

'Twas Wonder chiefly lifted him above
The grosser instincts of his savage life;
For, of the glories visible around,
It taught him silently of Nature's work,
Which long was manifest before his time.
How much the greater they — the smaller, he!
How great the distance, he the farther was!
Thus Wonder made him humble of himself;
Or otherwise, it stirred his feeble mind
To thought — through fear, surprise, or doubt.
He had come forth as to a country rare;
With sounds and voices strange, bewildering,
With ever changing and stupendous scenes.
Things seeming weak, rebuked his weaker hands;
Those seeming nigh, mocked at his puny reach.
So on; but through the miracle of sight,
The chiefest wonders were revealed to him.
These crowded daily every field of view,
Or nightly, filled the starry vault of space.

When he, with sense enlightened, oped his eyes,
Lo! deep within their hollow globes appeared
The mirror'd face of objects wonderful.
The Sun, as lord of lower life, of heat
And light the primal source — commands the view.
As King of Day, bedight with dazzling crown,
Duration fixed when his mid empire crossed,
In rhythmic intervals of time and space.
These gifts so vital, filled his shaggy breast
With gratitude, — unknown to him before,
And made him worshipful. He knew there was
No pall of darkness long, but surely came
Th' effulgent orb, like some divinity
To light his lowly path, and cheer his life:
Day thus established, hailed his waking hours.

The Moon he saw, and countless stars of Night;
Sole objects in a dark and sightless field,
Where otherwise, athwart an azure plain,
The Sun, as in a blaze of glory rode,
And held his torch aloft through all the sky.
The gems of Night, that graced her ebon throne,
Thrilled his new sight with phantasies; or yet,

When stealthy Sleep had pinioned him, they lit
His simple dreams with shining, airy shapes.

Still wondering of these, the more his field
Of vision grew. The lofty woods beheld,
And burly girth of many a giant tree.
The towering mountains, and the rocks, gray-ribbed,—
All else might come, and go, but these remained,
The symbols of an everlasting strength —
So still, colossal, imperturbable.

The brooks he saw, like silver threads, which streak'd
The velvet woof of em'rald hills, and plains;
Or, swollen now by floods, would burst amain,
And lash in petty wrath the mountain's side,
Or plunge in hopeless grief o'er rocky cliffs.
The rivers deep, while bearing to the main
Their dark, unstable burdens, patiently
With calmness moved; or, torn with mighty rage,
Foam'd in their course, and swept all obstacles.

The clouds, still-poised, as if on downy wings,
Or, by the wind, a viewless shepherd, driven
In fleecy herds across the upper plain;

Or now — as 'twere in pity — copious poured
Their tears upon the famished land. Again:
Mid frowning skies, he saw the lightnings flash
Their gleaming swords in combat, here, and there;
Or madly dart, with swift and fiery blades;
Or venomous, quick stab th' astonished earth!
But more of terror still: when he beheld
Some mountain high, whose very top belch'd forth
Such monstrous clouds, in sulphurous discharge
Of flame, and smoke, as hid th' affrighted Moon,
Or e'en the Sun in his meridian;
While down the mountain side ran burning brooks,
Of molten stone, into the hissing sea!

Wild beasts he saw, far trespassing the land,
Of mammoth bulk, and terrible in strength;
And lesser ones, more dangerous, and fleet.
Saw water-monsters, and gigantic birds;
And scaly reptiles, and foul, crawling things
Swarm reedy streams, or shallow bays, for fish;
Or search the shelly beach in quest of food;
Or prey on each, — devouring, and devour'd.

Saw many a combat of the giant herds,
With deadly tusk, and tooth; while brooks of blood
The trembling earth, or waters deep, imbrued.
And savage, too, he in like fortune cast —
Fought in defence, or slew, and ate, as they.
Besides enormous bats, skin-winged, and black,
Saw countless insects flying brake, and fen;
Or yet beyond, saw specks of lightsome birds,
With gay, or russet wing, like tiny boats,
Borne on a sightless sea. Now darting near,
In flights, as if pursued, or soaring far,
And mounting upward with amazing trust,
Were lost at last amid the pathless blue.
On, on, the endless panorama moved,
Across the vision of his mortal sight,
Bewildering of fulness, and extent.
But stranger still, the change of Nature's face,
Wherein the Seasons mapped the quadrate year.

The Spring, first type of resurrective life,
In garments green, the year rejuvenates.
The flowers, and shrubs, and grass, and leaves of trees,

With upward longing lift their tender blades,
As they were hands, on branching arms outspread
In worshipful petition to the Sun : —
Alike, as of the old, yet not the same,
The paradox of Spring was ever new.

So sweeps the year, as in a bridal train,
When Summer, blushing, comes in flowing robes,
Led by the Sun, her handsome, golden knight,
Whose burning gaze enthralls her joyous heart ;
While happy Earth, to each her welcome gives,
And smiling, bids them to the wedding feast.

Through genial marriage come maternal ties,
And Autumn now, is matron of the year.
With sweet solicitude, and wifely mien,
Presides o'er many a larder, goodly brimmed
With variegated fruits, and yellow sheaves ;
While plenty crowns her peaceful motherhood.

How swiftly pass her joys, like all, too brief :
Now storm, and wind, her sober dress has rent.
Her face is furrowed, and her beauty gone.
The chills of age her waning currents freeze ;

And, what was once her pride of auburn hair,
As in a night, is by her sorrow, blanched.
At last, through grief, in snow-white sheets she lies,
Because her royal spouse deserts her love,
Still farther wandering in other climes.
The giant trees, that on her wedding-day,
Had swung their fringed, and supple arms for joy,
When she, as Summer, kept her maiden name,—
Now o'er her tragic grave of widowhood,
Distraught, and shorn, sigh low in plaintive groves,
Or wail in storms of moaning on the hills.
All that rejoiced with her before, are sad,
Or dumb with heaviness:—the song of birds;
The fragrant, blooming flowers; the running brooks;
The insects, numberless;—all these are still,
And Winter, cold, entombs the rigid year.

Erelong the bondage of the year dissolves;
For now, the laggard and repentant Sun,
Aweary grown of distant, warmer lands,
Or, fearing lest his once-beloved mate,
Too long in Winter's icy grasp should lie,

With reassuring smile, resolves once more,
To bring the year a new deliverance.
Lo! where his shield new lights the olden paths!
He comes with rushing sighs, and fervent breath,
While all Earth's torpid members thrill with hope,
Feeling his living presence as before.
From the first blush that tints its pallid face,
The year, surviving burial, awakes;
And, from a seeming death, comes forth to life.

Earth, habitable now, the creature, Man,
By Nature bidden, seized the land prepared,
After rocks, rivers, mountains, oceans came,
And animals, and all of lower type,
And vegetation, with the means of life,
Were set in order for conjunctive aid.
Before Man left his primal, cradle home,
To wander o'er the land in restless quest,—
Before his alphabet — or written sound —
Or yet his savage mind intelligent,
Was poor, and simple, but in promise, grand;

And with his native instincts, ties, and bounds,
Forever hedged by Hunger, Pain, and Death, —
These, with the change of Shelter, Climate, Food,
Slow modified his stature, habits, traits,
From age to age, in multiple of ways.

First, Hunger drove him forth upon the Earth;
Then followed Pain, that kept his body's weal,
By admonition of the laws of life;
While Death, supremest mystery to him,
O'ershadowed all. The loss of friends o'erwhelm'd
His puzzled thoughts; and more, when he surmised,
Or felt their touch in dreams, or visions saw.
In waking hours he yearned, and called for them,
And set them up in memory. He loved
To chant their deeds, exalting them in forms
Of rudely carved device. Still pushing on,
To higher planes of action and of mind,
By food-want driven, and to numbers grown,
In tribes, through wide arèas was dispersed.
By competition strong, they chosen were
For chiefs, who won by valor, and by strength;

And dying, were, for such heroic gifts,
Through Death's apotheosis called divine.
By his instinctive sense of higher powers,
That touched his early thought with hopes of fame,
Man sought in mind, and body, to be like
The attributes he worshiped; therefore, all
Of help and ornament to manly grace
In acts of courage, pleased his native pride,
And hence the caste of Gods, Heroes, and Kings.

Man's first words, and traditions — through his love,
Kept names, and deeds of gods, and ancestors —
Idolatrous of some — in sacred trust.
They claimed his fealty, and strength of arm,
And urged him ever on by labored aim,
To emulate their glory and their state.
The press and accident of Life, and Death,
With all their strangely blent phenomena,
Filled his crude fancy in the shady realm
Where coward Superstition held its sway,
With goblin shapes of ill-digested thought.
The mingled acts of kindness, friendship, love,

Which gratitude pays to humanity,
He slowly learned, while coarser instincts ruled.
But daily prodded by the thorns of want,
He was compelled to gratify the pinch
By satisfaction; hence, to find, to learn
The use, and worth of things for present needs.
The fish of rivers, flesh, and fruits of land,
He used for food, while water slaked his thirst.
A hunter first — by instinct, then perforce
With speedy foot, keen sight, and trenchant arm,
He grew to conquer, else would be undone
By beast, or winter, famine, fire, or flood.
The skins of animals he used for dress.
Fire caught from friction'd sticks, or stroke of flints.
His wants increasing with their hungry mouths,
Drove him to fresh inventions, struggles, aims.
Next, shepherd was, and herds, and flocks possessed —
Subdued from wild states to domestic use —
Then certain grass and food-plants, next he grew,
And learned from these a seed, and harvest time.
Thus, taking hold of Nature's providence,
He, by degrees, increas'd his new estate.

Now better fed, and leisure granted him
In homes nomadic, pastoral, or fixed,
He soon began to think upon the world:
Its sights, and sounds; the starry map of Night;
On his own life; his birth; and lastly, Death.
But tireless zeal could hardly separate
His own life, conscious, from unconscious facts,
Whose potent forms persisted in his sight,
And made him question of their origin.
He found life dual: mind and body, knit;
The needs of both, now single, now combined.
His body limited by fleshly bonds;
His thought, untamed, pictorial, alert.
The one he could not see; yet felt, and knew.
The other was more tangible to sense;
With bones, and flesh, and blood, like animals.
Knew others, thinking, like himself, and voiced;
And like of features, ailments, stature, form;
Each duplicate in sex, and multiplied.

Thus in his brother, Man beheld himself,
Fast bound by ties of birth, of body, mind, —
And both the citizens of Earth's domain.

His language first by natural attempts,
Interpreted emotions, or his wants.
Then grew his alphabet, whose words retained
His thoughts more permanent, though simple yet.
By such, the speech of every tribe was fixed,
That to the utmost durance fast remained,
Showing identity in later tribes,
Of parentage, antiquity, and place.

Speech is the voice of thought, and thought, — of soul,
And comes through native gift, to human kind,
In interchange of ideas, social needs.
Alone, Man speechless is, so proves the law
That speech, through common bonds, survival finds.
These vocal signs, when other traces fail,
Reveal the ineradicable tongue,
Of every kindred, family, and race.

So Earth gave up dominion unto Man.
Dispersing far, by skirts of land, and sea,
From simple, savage, and unlettered states,
Increased by lapse of time to mighty tribes,
He moves from place to place, for gain, or war,

Or shepherding of herds. Then later, lives
In towns secure, or walled; and here are found,
Through ages long removed, the ancestors
Of all the mighty nations of the Earth,
Which History has written on her page.
Thus, in the dim beginnings of his race,
When Man first came as Child-Man on the Earth;
When the first hunger came, first sleep, first death;
First joy, or pain,— first tears, or laughter came;
First pity, love, and all subjective sense;
When the first hut was built, or first fire lit;
The first turf lifted, or the first tree felled;
The first beast killed, or eaten, or yet tamed;
The first log cut, or burnt out for a boat;
The first bow made, and arrow head of stone;
All these — and others of objective kin —
Then Man, through laws of Body, and of Mind,
And those which chained him in environment,
First felt the bounds and sovereignty of Self.

He now had gained firm footing on the Earth,
And saw his own increase in likeness, kind;

Knew by his own, what pain in others meant;
Saw his own children grow to his own height,
And take their places in the human round.
Saw tears, and laughter, — felt them in himself;
Knew sleep was speechless, but had voice in dreams;
Saw life was active; death was motionless.
Still looking on the Earth contemplative,
Saw fire, and smoke, and vapor, water, ice;
Heard the deep roar of wild, or wounded beasts,
That drove him frantic, or transfixed with fear;
Or friendly near, the leafy notes of birds,
In sweet and graceful song that stilled, and charmed.
He heard where echo mocked intruding sounds,
Or drove his own cries back upon his ears.
He heard the hum of insects in the air;
And smelled the fragrance of the flowery leaf,
Or balmy breeze, or forest odorous.
Things taint, or tempting, knew; so on, became
Habituate of fact, and consequence.
By taste he learned the quality of food —
What best would answer to his nutriment;
Hereby the right established for himself,

And passed by use, and custom, to his kind.
He felt the viewless forms of wind, of heat,
Of cold; and such emotions felt — in bond,
Or separate — as grief, and joy, and love;
And sorrow, anger, hate; or felt the pinch
Of hunger, thirst, and pain, and of disease.
By touch, the density of things discerned;
And weight, by his own strength commensurate.
He by his senses reaped a harvest rich,
In the reflection of surrounding facts;
And by his mind — of weak digestion yet —
He slowly turned the substance of his gains
To use and comfort, otherwise bereft.

Thus Man, divergent by his gift of thought,
Arose from out the midst of warring beasts
That, ere his coming, overran the Earth;
Not one of whom had speech, nor smiles, nor tears,
Nor friendly hint of human sentiment,
To offer their companion, desolate.
Though lowly born, distant, and proud as they,
He kept defence for safety from the start,

Which instinct had determined for all time;
And without language, or connective mind,
No beast could come with equal fellowship
Of spirit to himself; diversion here
Was sharp, eternal, and impassable.
With every age they further grew apart
On lines of separated destiny.
But certain beasts he conquered, and made friends: —
The dog, the deer, the goat, among the first;
And some few else that followed to his use.
In anger, chase, defence, all beasts he slew;
But few of these by choice, he cared to eat,
Save such that ever were, in part, his food;
The rest, his keenest hunger oft forbade.
His preference then named, remained the same
Through ages, proving his sagacity.

While long he strove in growing, he had brought
Each cycle of his race the nearer still
To the great prophecy which Nature dreamed,
When she proposed an issue wonderful —
A being, sentient of land, and sky;

Outranking all life in his mortal range;
Having at last dominion of the globe,
O'er grosser forces there, and those unseen.
Becoming then congenial to her thought,
He would be equal builder to her fame,
As delegate from her, and heir at birth;
Having for this high office, tongue, and voice;
Ear for her secrets; and a hand for all
Her daring purposes, and victories.

Lo! from the dust of unrecorded time,
Where lie the centuries in depths unknown,
The tribes of Man, a straggling army, vast,
With toilsome feet, appear at last in view,
On the horizon dim of history.
Millions have fallen on this endless march
Of human beings, and have left no trace,
Either of name, or date, or sepulchre;
But their surviving representatives,
Who, now arrived, are first upon the scene,
A strange and motley spectacle present.

These differ wide in color, stature, speech:
Some white, or yellow, red, or brown, or black
Of hair and body; while in size, they range
From giants of great bulk, to low, squat dwarfs.
In speech, some have the squeak, and grunt of apes;
Some, being more advanced in language, have
A few brief words and signs intelligent.
The best have even letters, and can write,
Either by some rude figure, or by script;
Some civilized, some semi-civilized, —
The rest are savage, or yet barbarous.
They come dispersed somewhat by latitude:
The greater part are moving from the East,
With faces turning westward o'er the land;
While some appearing West turn towards the East,
Some North move South, or, South to North —
All restless, seeking, striving, marching on;
Most having leaders, but some few, without.

Time passes on by centuries. Behold!
Th' historic plain now dotted here, and there,
With tents, and huts, and habitations rude —

Or towns, and villages, or cities grand;
Still moves the army constantly, while oft
It breaks in wars; now slight, now terrible.
So are they mixed together, or o'ercome —
One by the other — all along the way;
Some losing everything — as chattels, life, —
Some gaining by so much, in whole, or part;
But greatly complex is this stirring host
In tribe, and speech; some, indefinable,
In proof of a divergent ancestry.
At last a dim perspective brings to view
A few great columns, stronger than the rest,
Being the main divisions of mankind.
Each, with its name inscribed, a standard bears,
Which, by its color, shows that of the race.
But though there seem so many things apart,
Among the divers tribes, and families,
Yet, for all this, in their anatomy, —
In their possessing each a human soul, —
In laws of life, of health, of destiny, —
All are as one, co-equal in design,
And under one name — MAN — find unity.

One column with its standard, white, is seen
Among the first, advancing, far away,
Where springs the orient to hail the morn,
And roses ever bloom beneath the sun.
Mid the wide plains, and valleys of the East,
Its ancient habitat, a speck it seemed;
But when at last, by time, and numbers blest,
With mighty strides it o'erran continents:
Its standard beareth ARYAN,— name of race.
'Tis in its language *Man*, "the thinker" means,
Word old as oldest found in human writ.

Slow marching in this line are many tribes
Allied by speech, and blood, yet separate
By country, dialect, and circumstance.
Through later ages of development,
This white race growing numerous, and strong
In mental energy, wrought victories
In science, law, philosophy, and art;
So letters, metaphysics, chemistry —
And in the fields of new discoveries.

Where it has dwelt, are during monuments
Of bronze, of brass, of iron, and of stone;

And all the precious metals of the globe,
It freely held for pleasure, or for use.
Its tireless spirit, power, and gift of rule,
With high resolve, and daring enterprise,
Pursue their way unmindful so of flood,
Or storm, or other powers of earth, and air;
At last all continents they dominate,
And even so, the islands of the sea.

Another column next is seen afar,
And bears the word, SEMITIC, for its name.
This banner shows a swarthy, tawny hue,
And copies best it may, that of the race.
Here too, are tribes, and families, allied
To all the sub-divisions of the line,
Though separate by time, and parts of speech,
As in the ARYAN column near at hand;
But certain strong, and native races lead,
In their poetic, superstitious moods.
At first, from patriarchal government,
They rose to kingdoms, and majestic power,
And built great commerce, both by land, and sea.

They gave the Bible, Talmud, and Koràn;
And founded three religions, namely — these: —
Judàic, Christian, and Mohammedan.
In temperament religious, reverent;
Exclusive as a rule, and passionate,
They lived by priestly ritual, and forms
Of worship strict, and oft mechanical;
Counting the words of prayer with jealous zeal,
And scorned as heretics who else refused.

Another column down the misty line,
With shouts of savagery, and dress bizarre,
Aloft display their yellow flag of race;
Inscribed thereon, the name, TURANIAN.
These too, have many tribes in fellowship,
Though chiefly kin, differ by speech, and name.
This interesting host, once nomads fierce,
Were oft the first inhabitants in lands
Where, too, were others who were Red, and Black,
Whose standards here are seen to right, and left.
The last two named, are lowest in the gifts
Of mental, or, of spiritual power;

Yet certain of their tribes at length attained
To high, or civilized degrees of life,
Attested by their cities, towns, now lost;
To fame known only through their few remains.

A noticeable division, wholly black,
Stands out beyond the others from the first.
It is a race of misty origin,
Who lived before the age of monuments, —
In Africa, its home of infancy.
When first this host descended by the Nile,
The lotus was not yet the sacred flower
Of Egypt, nor Osiris yet a god.
The banner on its standard flies aloft,
And bears the word, KAMITIC, for its name, —
From Kam, or Kem, — a name once Egypt bore.
This ancient, black, and crisp-haired race possess'd
The country round about, for centuries,
And led the way as aborigines,
Before the Sphinx, or Pyramids were built;
Or Egypt's tombs were chiseled from the rock;
Or yet her least of wonders had been wrought.

The oldest people next who followed them, —
The true Egyptians — had from Asia come,
And seized the Delta, occupying it;
And made it rich before all other lands
In sculptured monoliths, and temples, shrines.
The Chaldees, they who planted Babylon,
Were Eastern kin of these — as some declare —
Who, 'mongst ancestral gods had worshiped Seth,
The Son of Adam, him whose wife was Eve.
These last were trunk of that Semitic tree,
Whose branches spread on every continent,
Unbroken still, continuous of growth.

E'en now the effigies of mighty kings,
Who once ruled Egypt with the pomp of gods,
Still by mute lips of giant statues speak;
While shaft, and pillar, point a wondrous past,
Where now the songless bird of Silence broods,
Mid crumbling dust, her lone and lifeless nest.
Those come of Egypt, yea, Chaldea's plains,
And those also of old Phœnicia —
Who neighbors were, and of like ancestry —
Contributed to that philosophy,

Which taught immortal was the soul of Man,
And justice was an attribute divine.
They first had alphabets; some these engraved.
Gave knowledge to the world of plastic arts;
Writing, star worship, and chronology;
Of architecture, commerce, history;
Of navigation, and metallurgy;
Of bronze, of paper, and of woven cloth.
A thousand years before the Christian age,
Phœnicia, Chaldea and Egypt, led
The outer world in arts of peace, and war,
And cities wonderful in wealth, and fame.
Who now shall measure back the steps of time,
Which led to such perfection in a state —
To such maturity of fruit possessed?
Before this, there was still antiquity,
And time thereat was modern once, as now.

All thoughts which blossom into acts expressed,
Live on, and forward leap from mind, to mind.
These either give progression to a race,
Or stay in ruts, and grooves, from age to age,

Giving few victories, or none at all.
But swift, or slow, thoughts ever help to shape
Th' increasing bulk of human knowledge gained;
Therefore, does every ancient race persist,
Greater, or less — according to its strength,
As part component of the growing sum.
Who ever fixed a thought in speech, or art,
Gave, as it were, a torch to one next him,
Who, for the time, illumes his own domain;
Then, passing, gives the measure of his flame
To him beyond. So move the races on:
In thought continuous as they take light.

When Man found Shelter, and Protection, best,
Then tribes, in place of wandering, made homes,
And set their habitations close, conjoined.
Then was the fact apparent beyond doubt,
That numbers mutual, in common bond,
Conserved their Strength, Defence, Possessions, Life:
From such beginnings, states and empires rose.
Nations are Man in aggregate of strength,
And numbers — multiplied and complex — both

The fruit of toil, and lifting of each race
Along the line of mass development.
Like Man alone, so nations, from their birth,
Must ever battle with environment,
And fortify with courage every gate
That is assailed without, or suffer loss.
Such then, as were successful in their time
Among the ancient peoples of the Earth,
Wrought many centuries before the crown
Was placed upon their highest place of power,
Which should complete the genius of their name.
Again; like as to Man, a nation's hopes,
Its passions, strivings, failings, victories —
Its strength in good, or evil government —
Its selfishness, or its humanity —
In short, all that its special type conveys
To outward sense, is but the impress which
Its parts express, conjointly in the whole.

The monuments of ages past, reveal
The cumulative art of time, and place —
Of those who gave their substance, and their thought;

And in the faint, inscriptive hieroglyphs,
On kingly tombs, or temples, pillars, gates,
Is seen the mind of nations farther still,
Embedded in the matrix of the rock.
Thus, by the vestiges which time yet spares
Of every ancient people, near, or far,
Savage, or barbarous, or civilized,
May be discerned their line of certain gifts,
And height proportional to which they rose:
Unfailing indices along the track
To whatsoever country they may point.

Among the first whom research has revealed,
Were those who flourished by the mighty Nile;
Whose rocky tombs along the sacred stream,
Unearthed from under nameless centuries,
Declare their views of life, religion, death: —
The secret door — the master's name above —
Within, the pictures of himself, and kin —
In battles, may be, or in scenes of peace.
Here, too, are household goods, and implements
Of use in war, or chase, or husbandry.

Surviving friends, by custom, here brought forth
The yearly feast for the dear owner's ghost;
And here they sat, and ate, in memory
Of his fair name and deeds — embalmed in love.
In this, no fears of nether flames appear;
But all is peace, and happiness, and trust.
No deity, save but the pictured dog,
Anubis, couched as guard above the door:
Here was ancestral worship, pure, and plain.
Perchance, somewhat, the Kami lived and died,
Ere Mene came, the first Egyptian king.

In later tombs, with prim and sculptured care,
See now a host of gods, and goddesses,
And priestly script, and signs mysterious;
Figures in lordly pomp, and troops of slaves,
Displayed in colors, or carved on the rock;
So temples, pyramids, and obelisks,
When priests were kings, and kings the dread of men.
All these with shifting fortunes rose, and fell,
While since, the years by thousands have rolled on,
Leaving no memory, and scarce a name.

After the wild, nomadic tribes of Man
That roamed, or herded on the Asian plains,
On those of Europe, and of Africa,
In turn were driven back, or else expelled
From lands they once had claimed, or occupied,
There first appeared on the historic field,
This twain of mighty peoples — just now seen —
Of Aryan, and Semitic names of race.
They, many tribes and nations held by arms,
And government; and conquered alien hordes;
Great temples built, and high, colossal walls; —
Each city then a kingdom, free, or bond,
As the red gauge of battle should declare —
Where many, even, perished utterly.

Thus, in the ancient days, the fact appears
Of many nations, races, tribes of Man,
Forgotten now, as in America, —
Where giant footprints mark an early race,
In point of time, co-eval with the first.
Such ruined cities of the ancient world,
As Nineveh, and Babylon, and Tyre; —

Sidon and Memphis, Carthage, Bàalbec,
And scores of others, once illustrious —
Are long entomb'd by time's sepulchral sands.
The floods of Tigris, Nile, Euphrates, flow
Unhindered still, as they before Man came;
But they who once inhabited their shores,
Or breasted with rich traffic their broad waves, —
As the Chaldeans, Medes, Assyrians,
Phœnicians, and Egyptians — and the rest —
Are gone with all their cities, save their fame.
They rose to greatness, had their day, and died, —
Or, long decrepit, were o'erruled at last;
But some retain their former race, and name, —
As India, China, Persia, — and few else.

In Europe, next, the glories of fair Greece
In their descent, shine with unrivalled light,
The pattern still of art's best energies —
As Rome, of law and government. These pour
Their unexampled treasures in the sum
Of modern times, made great through such avail.
Gone, too, these actors; yet their sepulchres,

In Athens, Rome, Olympia, and Troy,
And others that preserve their ancient cult,
Wise lessons give to each succeeding age.

Lo! now, where swarms of Goths, and Vandals, Huns,
And Visigoths, assail the gates of Rome.
The prize falls to the rude barbarians!
Then comes a space of wild, and shifting scenes —
Of wars and tumults, anarchy, and death.
Succeeding this, another Rome uprears,
But then, there comes also, another race
In character, in speech, and destiny; —
New dispositions of the several parts.
A new religion springs from pagan soil,
With its vicegerent Pontiff at the head,
Urging all steps to Rome, by Tiber's banks,
As erst when Cæsar took the helm of state.
While Europe fast was plotting out new maps,
And her great church, grown selfish, grasping all, —
Old Asia kept the background, rapt and gray;
While Africa, and Oceanica,
Slept in the sun, and dreamed of other days.

Amidst the mental bondage that prevailed,
Some ferment of discovery arose;
And, what that Iceland's Eric first beheld,
Columbus, later on, observing reeds
And carved wood far at sea, afloat
From out the West, and, re-assured of hope,
That, sailing thither, he might India find,
Put forth his prows into the unknown sea;
And re-discovered, not the Orient,
But Occident — now called America, —
A child reclaimed to swell the circling belt,
And family of continents. Here, too,
Old Empires long before, had come, and gone;
Leaving, as in the East, their foot-prints dim,
In dust of ruined statues, cities, shrines;
While tribes by thousands, savage, and apart,
Warred with each other, and roamed o'er the land.

Concerning yet Man's physical estate,
His mortal body likens to a fort —
Complex in plan, but free, and portable;
With armaments, and calibers of force,

Ruled from the central station set within.
Beside the guardsmen five — the Senses — and
The speedy messenger, called Consciousness,
There yet are certain weighty counsellors,
Who sit in high, and royal cabinet.
These hold their offices by dual choice
And compact twixt the body, and the mind,
Which, from the first, have been together yoked,
Being in welfare equally involved.

These counsellors are Hunger, Sleep, Pain, Death;
And Reason, Will, Love, Joy. Though corporate,
Each has its sphere of jurisdiction in
Th' affairs of Man, when jointly or distinct
They rule the acts of body, or of mind.
The first, as counsellors, rule transiently;
And, since mortality was given them,
They are disfranchised of the Spirit-World;
Being half-brothers to the nobler four,
They only serve Man's body on the Earth.
The last — or Reason, Will, Love, Joy — were born
Immortal; for, as abstract energies,
They are the children true of that great pair:

Maternal Nature, and Eternal Mind.
Save one, these counsellors, each for himself,
Pronounce on every act, perception, want;
Keeping the body and its life so poised,
As not to rouse the jealousy of Death.
The body's members to the mandates move
Alone by Will, or now to Reason joined.
Does Hunger cry, or stare with famined eyes,
Or glaze the tongue with thirst, or craze the mind?
Then break the battlements of flesh, and bone,
In fevered haste to save the garrison.
Does Pain assail, or stab with awful stroke,
To voice the danger of the body's loss?
Then rush to battle all the eager host —
Save Death, who looks on unconcernedly,
Or yet, perplex'd, as 'twere, 'twixt hope, and doubt.
Does strife throughout the day o'erweary all,
Fretting the tired functions, overpower'd?
Then Sleep, peacemaker, comes with healing touch,
Stopping the wasting energies of strength,
Brushing all cares away, and every woe,
And dropping balm in every open wound.

Hunger ruled first the paths of nutriment —
The body's sustenance, 'gainst harm, or loss;
For scarce the first child came upon the Earth,
Ere Hunger boldly struck with heavy mace,
The body's hollow walls, and with loud voice,
Called all within to hear, and seek in haste
To serve him first by his prerogative;
For to the shrivelled bone of bird, or beast,
He sure would drive who disobeyed his call.
The child, unconscious else, felt the demand,
And groped in blindness for maternal aid;
Here, in response of sympathy, was paid
The first oblation unto human want.
Ever, with slight delays, did Hunger come,
And urge the body to obedience;
Or mildly warn, if so 'twere satisfied.

By Sleep, were mind and body called to rest,
Healing the daily fret and wear of both.
Oft then, as Night, with dusky, diamon'd robe,
In peaceful obsequies enshrouded Day,
The soft, and drowsy breath of welcome Sleep,

Fell on the weary senses, giving peace.
But when the child to youth, or manhood comes,
Then oft the sheeted phantoms of young dreams,
Knit in the misty loom of tired thought,
Entangle all in their confusing webs;
Or anxious struggles — mirrored in the face —
O'erwhelm and startle Sleep with woes, and cries.
But otherwise — and favoring, perchance —
Come pleasant dreams, in most assuring guise,
And fill his rest, as with a gracious light,
Trailing — if one might see — the transient gleams
Of some imaginary victory.
Save these, he might be like the vacant beasts,
Whom Night, as well, had touched with opiate wand,
Driving their brood of savage instincts back,
To slumber in their first oblivion.

At last, Sleep's prisoning folds are pushed aside
By the deft fingers of the morning light.
Its heavy burdens lift from off his eyes,
And Man awakes: surprised, he finds himself
In living bonds again, with conscious pulse.
Rising to meet the morn, he scatters off

The remnant dust dropped from the wings of Night,
And wanders forth anew. No sooner this,
Than Hunger sharp, importunate, he feels,
Who scourges him to morning sacrifice —
To feed his gnawing tooth, insatiate.

Next counsellor in order now, is Pain,
From whom the senses care and warning take,
In true behalf of all the body's weal.
But for this caution, all these wondrous parts
Would overtax to injury, and loss;
For Pain gives limit to the body's use,
Conserving it inviolate of harm.
Though spurned, detested, it means only good;
Speaking for safety and for balance true,
Amid the vital, co-related web,
Of divers organs, members, tissues, parts.

The last of all the mortal counsellors
That Man is subject to on Earth, is Death.
But striving opposite to Death, is Love,
Th' immortal one, victorious; for, lo!

Though Death the body takes, Love holds the soul,
And this transports, all deathless, harmless still,
Unto its final, spiritual world:
With Death discomfited — who wins but dust —
No second contest, like the first, can come.
In council, Death, whose power of veto gave
Him added dignity, and consequence —
Whose certain verdicts, absolute of change,
Pronounced all judgment of corruptive flesh,
And shocked by his swift, fatal shafts of doom —
Is constant, grim, inflexible of aim.
He was of darkness born, and dreads the light.
His sombre garments bear no truce to Joy;
And when he marks the object of his wish,
Stealthy his step is, or comes thundering on;
His victim crushes, or yet steals away.

Such then is Death, one of the oldest here:
Who was on Earth before that Man had come;
Had slain the beasts preceding, one by one;
As well, had many a monarch forest felled,
And toppled rocks, and mountains, into dust:

Even the moon, and stars, and planets smote,
In all their elements, by loss, or change.
A leveller was he of all that breathed,
And of all things inanimate, inert,
Where the slow teeth of rust, decay, or blight,
As hostile agents, act in his behalf.
Sure of his prey always, though others run,
He swift, or slow pursues as he likes best;
But all things mortal fall beneath his stroke.
But Love is mightier, and older, too.
Death had not come, if Love came not before.
What Death denied, it was what Love had given;
Where he destroyed, Love quickly built anew;
Where he was dark, Love came with shining light.
Pale is his cheerless countenance; while Love,
With smiling face, sheds light, and happiness.
When Death is chilling, Love is all aglow.
He patient waits, though Love gives hasty call.
Is unconcerned, while Love is striving most.

Of those known as th' immortal counsellors,
The first three: Reason, Will, and Love have ruled

Distinct, and high, in the career of Man,
Both on the Earth, and so, — beyond the gates.
The last, a daughter, sister, — she named Joy,
Made bright the household of the parent pair —
Since first her birth was welcom'd with delight —
As well as lightened with her genial smile,
Where'er she might, all labors on the Earth;
Besides, she had made Love her favorite,
Though Will, and Reason, less invited her,
Having for most part, sterner, graver moods,
Yet, happy spirit that she was, she gave
To both without reserve, her countenance,
Upon occasion as they might demand.
Now, mortal and immortal were so joined
In Man, from his first entrance on the Earth,
It made at once necessitous the plan,
That, from the list of aids, and counsellors,
Which both the body and the mind would have,
The terms of some must differ as to length:
Some briefly, with the body on the Earth, —
Some with the mind, through both worlds, endlessly.
The first were those who held a transient reign;

But none the less were they invincible —
Who could, at times, completely overthrow
The higher, or the long term counsellors;
For they the body held with giant grasp,
And, not till Death gave word, would they resign;
So were they stronger by their shorter rule,
The better to hold Man to his first life,
Else would he waste, and so the race default.

Ere Reason came with deeper, surer sight;
When Will, unyoked, was like the instincts — wild,—
'Twas Fancy flitted o'er the child-man's view.
An errant sense, and irresponsible,
Yet brought such weird, and motley shapes to him,
E'en Reason, later, could but partly cope,
Though both in some things seemingly allied:
As where that Fancy strove to answer facts,
Or in mock judgment, imitative, sat.
But one had law, the other nothing had, —
Save touch as light as gossamer, by which
It so wove duplicates in misty forms,
That Man knew not were they unstable dreams,

Or visions, native to his waking sense.
It otherwise his common fears enlarged,
And made him feel of dangers that were not;
While every sound by night, loud, sharp, or dim,
Made his quick ears report in great affright.
It told him famine, storms, and pestilence,
Were angered powers of Earth, — revengeful gods;
Thus weak, and simple, like the child he was,
He knelt to Fancy's false, reflected fears;
And ages long he kept this abject state,
Till Reason's firm, corrective light, resolved
His poor conjectures, and replaced with truth.

Man's mortal years persisting, waxed and waned;
And age on age still found him on the Earth.
In stature upright, short, compact, and strong;
By Nature limited through laws of growth.
His body, — complex, native of the soil;
His disposition, — savage, variable;
And what intelligence had come to him,
At first, was by his senses, crude, and wild;
But progress, through long striving, slowly brought

More means of knowledge, and a larger field.
His observation now led him to pause,
Reflect, inquire — as acts of special thought;
And what experience avouched thereof,
Was judge to him of fact, or falsity.
Like instincts ruled him in his infancy,
As in the brutes, and common to them both.
But larger grew his own by dominance
Of Reason's bright, co-ordinating rays;
So that, in power of instinct over them,
His nearest kin, half upright, anthropoid —
Were left behind in simple beastliness,
Past all progression out of their estate,
Which was by Nature limited, and fixed.
Save Reason had not come with greater help,
Like as a higher light, that touched his mind —
A dawn suffusing all the field around —
Man had been chained to brutish sense alone,
And so remained, in hopeless durance cast.

Of manners, therefore, midst the outer world,
Man acted first in likeness to the beasts.

He sensed, but did not understand. He saw,
But could not comprehend. He heard, he smelled,
He tasted, touched — but could not justify.
When Reason came, however weak at first,
To sift the evidence the senses gave, —
With contemplation, light from darkness came;
And though the way was steep, tempting it led
By winding steps, and pattern intricate,
To where ideas rested, yet unfledged,
But like the chirp of night-birds, stirred his dreams,
Or vexed his waking hours for clearer sight.

Soon as his thought grew stronger, more defined,
By daily seeking — curious to know —
The simpler problems of his life resolved —
To some extent, with others incident.
When wild his senses were, and fanciful,
'Twas Reason came to check extravagance,
And keep their stories closer to the truth.
Then what they brought, in testament of gain,
From otherwheres — as forage of their search —
Together with their personal effects,
Was better evidence within the court,

Where Reason now had come to sit enthroned:
They as a jury, he, th' appel'late judge.
Here Man advanced in knowledge of his gifts,
By observation, and experience,
Which seized, and verified respectively,
That which was brought before his mind at large.

Now Will, an officer like chieftain strong,
Or wild, indifferent, from circumstance,
At times led on to deeds of violence,
Or ruled o'er Man in combat furious
With ugly beasts, or other foes intent.
In all affairs of action, Will was first;
And with the voice of Reason at his side,
He often was victorious of odds,
For better judgment, pointing how to act,
Gave more success to rude experience;
But if Will answered "Nay," all courage failed
With every spur to action, or desire.
Whether for good, or ill, 'twas Will alone
Gave Man the force to brave his obstacles,
That he should be the head of living things.

Enforced by native pride, at last he dared
To cope with all the mighty animals,
That shook the trembling globe defiantly;
Some like to him, as mountains, shadowing.
In this he rose to heights of power unmatch'd,
Ruling, as king, o'er all the beastly tribes
That hitherto had claimed the mastery.
Though Will became in him superior,
He, savage still, was even wild as they;
But Reason, last, distinctively made Man
Highest in pitch and quality of all.

While Death could wither, or congeal by touch —
Within the compass of his power, and state —
The smile of Love could glorify all things,
And courage find, where hope had left despair.
Could even shed its glow on Death's pale face;
Give brighter sight to every wakeful sense;
The air make sweeter, and the skies more rare;
And give the rugged Earth a newer dress.
But Man had not known this of Love at first,
Though all the rest in youth, save Death, had felt;

But this new master came so swiftly forth,
And bore him whitherward to realms undream'd,
That goads, nor threatenings, could bid to stay
The wings that swept his soul to ecstasy.
'Twas Love claimed all things, leaped all hinderance,
And stirred his magic wand within the heart,
As with a coal from off some altar pile;
Whereby, as in a crucible he brought
By wondrous alchemy, all dross to gold.

To one so poor, so wretched in things else,
The limitations of his state so pinched,
So friendless midst those seemingly akin,
By instinct, low, and covetous withal,
Love came surprising, and transfigured him.
Things that he wot not of, he now possessed;
Being revealed, they showed him other-self,
Led him in search of undiscovered thought,
And through it all, the law of social ties.
Showed him the wonder of increase, by kind,
And that affection was the rarest boon;
And labor sweetest in return for such,

Where hitherto but selfishness was known.
That loss was gain who wrought for good of all;
And by this gift, coherent with himself,
Had power to conquer all, and life enlarge.
So knew he Love, this child-man of the Earth,
And heard his cheery voice, where otherwise,
His gloomy heart, dark as his cave had been.
Though Love appeared, now feeble, now intense,
Or dually, with Hunger yoked, and both
Had threatened if not satisfied, to kill, —
'Twas Death alone could break the mortal bonds,
When his sign manual was set therein.
For this was he appointed from the first,
To close the terms of every mortal lease;
So will he act, impartial, evermore.

When Love, with Joy attendant, gave to Man,
That richer pulse of life they typified,
Forth went his spirit, pleased as ne'er before,
With all its favored counsellors in train —
Like as a bridegroom to his best belov'd;
For here was Love, and Joy, in him so met,

They were his chief felicity on Earth.
But otherwise the scene, when skies were dark,
And coming signs foretold his body's doom;
When Death, with frowning look, and gloomy brow,
Demanded rupture of the cabinet,
And speedy dissolution of its bonds.
The spirit, shocked; its council breaking fast;
The warders fainting at their posts — or fled —
At night escapes with few, but trusted aids,
From out the ruins of its tenement,
Dethroned; an outcast where it once was king.
But Death reaped poorly, for the spirit, that
Immortal born, — eluded his cold clutch,
And left but empty ashes in his hands.

Not all was lost when Death the body sacked;
For Reason, Will, Love, Joy — th' immortal four —
So faithful still among the counsellors,
Went with the spirit forced by lower fates
To seek, in haste, its final, spirit home;
Where it took on a second body, new,
More during, too, and incorruptible.

Sleep, Hunger, Pain, and Death, the mortal four
Among the counsellors, remained behind;
Who, having served their use the passing hour,
Were not for this permitted to go hence
And mar the concord of that higher life,
Where now the spirit had free residence.
In vain they sought the bars of sepulchre,
And crumbling walls, which had been overthrown;
No token of the missing ones they found,
Nor whitherward their trackless way pursued.
As herald swift in every spirit's flight,
Runs Love, the dauntless, and the shining prince,
Who goes before, and so illumes the way.
He, royal heir, is garmented with light,
Nor fleck, nor flaw, is in his bright attire;
And all who see, can feel his birth divine,
In that sweet harmony of form, and voice,
Where sight, and sound, in happy juncture meet,
And Joy, attendant, smiles approvingly.

Reason, and Will, are also escorts strong.
The first, by wisdom canopied in state,

The answer seeks of all related facts;
Appraising values of the true, and false,
And by good judgment, all right time appoints;
Each cause maintains from its inherent truth;
Firm balance holds against impulsive Will;
And stands for intellect, intelligence.
Next valiant Will, as chief executant,
Flies here, and there, with new found energy;
Commanding action, or forbearing it;
Deciding quickly on the acts of all;
Or, adjutant of Reason to enact,
He carries forth in purpose each behest.
His help to Love, brings action to sweet dreams
For their fulfilment, otherwise, default.
But Will is free to move, with or without
The brain of Reason, or the heart of Love;
But clearer its perception is, when joined
To this, or that true counsellor, and guide,
Who best directs his impulse, and his strength.
Kept to his office sensible, and just,
Will brings activity to best results,
And makes all true progression possible;

Pushing all high desires to farthest ends,
Whether in mortal, or immortal life.

Thus to the realms of endless spirit growth,
The first, or child-man went; all mortals since
Of his own kind, precisely following.
Each human soul that leaves his earthly home,
Enters the next as he had left the last,
No better, and no worse — so far, at least;
And neither creeds, nor penance, threats, nor prayers,
Can rob one of the justice due his worth,
Nor stay an adverse verdict till fulfilled.
No human almoner therefore can give
Respite, or hurt, to any of his race;
For he has no true right, or power to act,
Being of same mortality, and law.
Such then, like these — subjects themselves of Death —
Make pure assumption that eternal laws
Will yield their force, effects, and purposes,
To solemn verbiage of tongue, or pen,
However sanctified by ancient use.
But this is true, that, were it not for Death,

Who gave permission that earth-ties dissolve,
There had not been for Man another life,
Where hope could find the answer to its dreams;
But stayed by mortal grooves, would fast remain
In chains, to bone and flesh, unsatisfied.
It follows then, that Death now having come,
The way unbarr'd to higher spirit-flights;
And what appeared extinction at his hand,
Was not so, but phenomenon of change:
The house dissolving, while the guest escaped,
Alone, in haste, nor stopp'd for night, or day.

This act of Death, was but a pause of sense,
Betwixt adjoining worlds of consciousness;
Or then again, it may be likened to
A path of transit, as through sombre wilds,
Which hide in mystery some fair retreat;
Or like a bridge that spans some river deep,
From one shore fading, to one permanent;
Or like a passage dark, that ends in light;
Like sleep at night, fresh waking on the morn,
Bringing new thoughts, new body, and new strength;

Or else like mould, which feeding from itself,
Gives life and beauty to the lovely rose;
Or like the transient error called eclipse,
When that the Sun, now shadow'd by the Moon,
The brighter seems to shine on his release.
So does the human spirit when once freed,
From its eclipse made by the shade of Death,
The more rejoice for this, its brief delay,
And like the Sun, increase in radiance.

From these fore-shadows, as of daily Death —
The waste, and friction of the passing hours,
That fly with less'ning wings around the Earth —
Sprang all Man's physical, and mental growth;
In part also his spiritual gains,
By rush of new impulses, new demands,
New reasons, also, for the furtherance
Of his ambition over obstacles.

The Ocean, shrunk by vapors daily lost,
Is meted back by rains, and river floods;
So is Man's body, in its normal tides,
Fed constantly by streams arterial,

That pour their sanguine currents for its need.
What counts for waste in one place, in the next,
Re-cast in Nature's own alembic rare,
It makes again for life, and nourishment.
While every loss an agent is of Death,
Love, as renewer, stands for bud, and growth,
Urging to blossom what may end in fruit;
And fills all voids by Death escarped; nor halts,
Nor fails he in his loyalty to Man.

Death holds no office, save in his own realm —
Mortality — which lies this side the grave,
Nor has authority beyond his gates.
But yet in truth, it must be said, that Love
Is not more faithful to his trust, than Death,
Who, in the certain limits of his power,
No bribe can stay for long, and none at last.
No flattery, nor threats, nor prayers, nor tears,
Can swerve by jot his predetermined will;
Yet, as a mortal counsellor, is oft
The friend of those in anguish, or despair.
On such he looks with kind, paternal face,

And he is hailed their great deliverer.
Feeling his strong arm soft entwine, they yield
In perfect trust, and lay their burdens down
Into his silent, and confiding care.
With tenderness he brings the wished release,
From stress and grind of poverty, or toil,
Or the dark hopelessness of broken hearts:
All this, as by a gentle sigh of breath,
As 'twere a voiceless farewell to the Earth.
So does the tension of their last frail thread
Dissolve, parting as softly as the morning dew,
Or sound in air, or water-drops in sand.

Death never acts but through his adjutants;
And these are Accident, Disease, Decay.
The first — a headsman bold, of sudden stroke,
Whose fatal aim is partial, or complete.
The second strikes with foul, or tainted breath,
Or viewless forms of sting, and sightless bite.
His blows are all corruptive to the flesh,
And his great zeal returns the largest list.
He is untiring, and by ambush haunts

Through night, and day, the pathways of all life.
The third, devours the prey he finds at hand, —
A vulture, eating what the rest refuse.
With trackless feet, he steals upon the slain;
And there, with painless touch, and smokeless fire
Of oxidation, withers, burns, consumes.

Love, from supernal heights, still holds his own,
Ruling through Nature's urgency, that life
Shall be a fact established, and sustained,
And authorized in deed, and sympathy.
In his two kingdoms — Earth, and Spirit World —
Both his high title and renown are clear.
As Prince of Life, commission'd from the first,
Love is both shield, and buckler, to all hearts
Distressed, or harassed by the darts of fate;
For, having called to life, so does he guard,
And neither injury, nor loss can come,
That his divine compassion will not heal.
Though mortals oft may drift in direst seas,
Or vented hate — as from some nether world —
Outpour in flame, and smoke, from gaping mouths,

And thieves of pestilence break in, and steal,
Or stings, and baneful plagues from swamp, or pool,
Rush forth to slay — or threaten constantly, —
Yet, weak and futile all their enginery
To batter down, and utterly destroy;
For Death is always circumscribed in act,
And cannot have but brief authority —
Holding his office for the passing time.

Thus Man, shorn of mortality, is led
By Love triumphant into Spirit life;
There, rising deathless — through his second birth —
With second body, incorruptible,
His soul expands as by progressive thought,
Throughout the fulness of his second life;
And all unfettered of the means of light,
In wisdom grows. What's evil, skulks away,
Dishonored, useless, and unmourned. At last,
Through Love's divine assistance, Man becomes
The image of his own ideal there.

PART SECOND.

MAN'S ENTRANCE, LIFE, AND PROGRESSIVE OPPORTUNITIES IN HIS FINAL HOME— THE SPIRIT WORLD.

PART SECOND. — THE SPIRIT WORLD.

PRELUDE.

In that fair clime beyond the rim of Earth,
Whose airs are balmy, mild, life-giving, clear;
Where neither moth, nor rust, nor thief can ply;
Surpassing all that eye or speech can prize;
Or heart, unutterable, can desire,
Is situate th' immortal heritage
Entailed to Man by the Paternal Will,
For every child born on the plains of Earth.
Of this broad realm which compasseth all life,
Both here, and on the Earth, and planets else,
The kingdom of Eternal Mind appears,
Whose castle gates, and battlements of strength,
Stand forth in spirit sov'reignty sublime,
In highest glory crown'd, ineffable.
Here Nature, also, queen and spouse presides,
Beneficent; of patience masterful.
The elemental Mother of all things

Within the gamut or the bounds of space,
Seen or unseen; from suns, to viewless air.
As Aids and Counsellors in Man's career,
Both on the Earth or in the Spirit World,
Are these, immortal sent: Love, Reason, Will,
And Joy, the happy Princess of the Realm.
She, twain with Love, the dauntless knight
And Prince of Life, who triumphs over Death,
The tyrant grim of perishable states;
Of mortal ways, and earthly sepulchres.
The deep foundations of this empire vast,
Reach far below the plummet of all time;
In length and breadth — to uttermost of hope;
In height — above the universe of space.
Its walls of dazzling, vibratory light,
Defy all shafts of hostile armaments;
And overlook from off their shining heights,
Besides the spirit-landscape, fadeless bright —
Spreading on either side, delectable —
All else below, in Earth's horizon seen,
Where all of matter is impermanent;
Of shifty tenure, and inconstant mood.

Yet is the cradle, and first home of Man;
Where his sojourn of spirit qualifies
His entrance into higher life, beyond,
Which solves for good the stately paradox:
Man both was mortal and immortal born.

In eons dim, beyond the mark of time;
Before the sun in matchless flame burst forth;
Or planets circling, had true orbits found;
Or stars were lit, and all around was void;
No light was there but native radiance,
The joint reflection of th' immortal pair,
Original, All-being, and Supreme.

Not one of all the countless human host,
That since have entered into Spirit life,
Had yet come hither, or was yet of Earth;
For neither Pain, nor Hunger, Sleep, nor Death;
Nor want, nor cries of woe were known, or heard;
Nor tears, nor laughter; neither hate, revenge,
Nor aught of mortal errors, hopes, or fears;
Nor mortal strivings, failings, victories.

Thro' time, at length, the planet Earth was form'd,
And care refining wrought, till it was fit
In all essentials for a species new,
Of which the Child-Man should be type, and seed.
When Earth, adjusted, so gave welcome, then
Th' initial human being came to birth;
But lonely and forlorn indeed his lot,
Who first through Death came to the Spirit World.
Nature, 'tis true, was there to welcome him,
Guarding his new birth tenderly as on
The Earth, where he was her first-born of Man;
Eternal Mind, in cosmic glory crown'd,
Held open arms to his great fatherhood.
Now also — Reason, Will, and Love, and Joy
Had come, as chosen Aids and Counsellors;
But these, his true, his everlasting friends,
He yet through weakness neither saw, nor felt.
First of his race, therefore his senses dim,
And all unvoiced, save in the lowest scale.
Childish in strength, of spirit childish, too,
His feeble rays of emanating light,
Revealed his low and undeveloped state.

Here he remained a solitary guest,
And none of human kind fraternal met,
Till such as next should join him from the Earth,
Through Death and second birth, like to his own.
So others afterwards, increasing still
On Earth, and multiplied age after age,
Innumerably passed to Spirit-life;
And, such as came into this higher realm,
Leaving the mortal station kept by Death,
Save spirit entity they nothing brought.
This second birth, made final for all time,
Was absolute in promise and effect,
Unlike the first which ushered mortal life.
Impressive change! wherein the body, born
Of Earth, is mortal and corruptible;
But that which follows on the second birth,
Is of the spirit, incorruptible.
Thus speeds the human race to Spirit-land;
Nor halts, nor falters, since the Child-Man came!

Of Reason, Will, and Love, and Joy, sent as
Immortal forces, to Man's spirit bound —

Since Death the mortal body had betrayed —
Love from the first, with Joy, preceded all
As glad evangels of the second life,
Where Man arrives, still weak from Death's assaults,
And takes his place in equity of right;
While Reason, and then Will, with slower feet,
Come last to his internal consciousness.

At length recovered in his new estate,
Coming by second birth, through gates of Death
To second life, the laws of spirit here,
Give Man his second body for all time;
Which body, made of luminous design,
Is nearer to the spirit than the old;
And having semblance to the earthly form,
Man feels not, but for good, the change imposed.

When now the human race was multiplied,
From the first issues made upon the Earth,
In form and feature, varied, and refined,
And each one, too, had passed the triple round
Of birth, and body, and of mortal life,
Been dispossess'd by limit of their use,

Alike all entered through the gates of Death,
Upon the brim of that immortal plain,
Where now, with others coming still from Earth,
They swell the hosts harmonious in rank,
In hopes, affections, likenesses of thought;
For what of evil, or of good report,
Each one will seek, and find, his own delight.
Those seeking evil, as before they came,
Will seek for darkness here, and crime, and craft;
So ever, till the light of truth reveals,
Through shame, perhaps, their own deformity.
The latter, seeking now unselfish ways,
Grow with the light developed from within;
The while advancing, each to his own gain
Of riper spiritual strength, and worth;
But this they must deposit against call,
Acting but agents of the Spirit World
For all humanity, in either life.
'Twas once believed those of the Spirit World
Who came to mortals — whether invisible,
Or stronger unto sight, as visible —
Were all of evil source, or Devil called;

Who was a personal, envenom'd ghost,
And masculine, with deep, avenging hate;
Who stoked his lurid pit eternally.
Know this instead: — As human beings come
To spirit life, the same likewise return;
Nor Devils there but mortals once, of Earth;
And all are subject to progressive laws;
These last permit alike all to return;
Some, during many years, keep interest
In those still cherished labors, incomplete,
Which they of choice began in mortal life.
As if some mighty harp of countless strings,
Should strike the ears of mortals through all scales,
From high, to low, or else in parts combined,
So that the rarest harmonies evolved,
Or otherwise — that tearing discords raged,
Or, graded the effects between the two;
So comes all spirit-influence to Earth,
By multiple of ways to all concerned.

That sound which poses in the human voice,
About midway, in music is called "A."

This sound, precisely, cannot be produced,
Save by its number of vibrations fixed;
And as it is with this, so other tones the same
That are in music used, and registered:
Given the number which are due to each,
And all respond agreeable to law
Which governs them forever, like, and true.
In semblance, too, all spirit relatives
Find equity by corresponding means,
Either between those yet in earthly bonds,
Or they who have gone hence behind the vail.
Each vital, vibratory wave of thought,
Will seek, and harmonize with its true mate,
Nor Death, nor Space, can intervene to stop.
No difference appears which scale is used,
Or what the morals of the act may be,
Or what the range of action twixt the two,
The law of vital sympathy holds good
Between all souls alike in wish, and thought,
Whether they be of this world, or of that.
As each one seeks his corresponding voice
With those of Earth, or in the Spirit World,

Each vibrant tone, as in an instrument,
Will find its own and chosen company.
Often 'tis spoken of mortality: —
This one is by good spirits led, or helped;
And that one oft, or always by the bad.
It follows then, if one would seek the best,
To aid his mortal life in noblest ways,
Let him devote his gifts to kindly use;
Then will he draw like spirits unto him,
Whatever be his work, or his desire.
But if one yields to darkness, and to crime,
Impartial still the law in every case;
For it will draw the lowest spirits down,
Who are as undeveloped as himself.

'Tis virtue and uprightness that elect
To higher paths of peace, and happiness,
And these alone confer more lasting joy,
Than such as are precarious, and dark.

The Spirit World all its humanity,
Since Man was born, has taken from the Earth;
So all this gathered host in spirit life,
In all conditions whatsoever found,

Are human beings, nothing more, nor less,
And good, or bad, proportioned as on Earth.
The first indeed have changed not in their love
For their first, earthly home, and earthly friends,
And go not far away, nor past the call
Who seek their kindly presence, or their help.

As each descendant of the first man kept
The same round in his mortal pilgrimage,
So in the spirit life, each one pursues
The steps which lead to further destiny;
And what was for the first, is for the last.
Thus Nature caused by her decree, that Man
Should have two births, two bodies, and two lives,
Which Death, as by a dark line, separates.
The first of each are of mortality,
And serve Man's physical sojourn on Earth.
The second series, ordered like the first,
Close follow on the hour when his career
On Earth is done, and he commences then
Another life, beyond the change of Death.
His spiritual body, incorrupt,

Of substance raised to radiant degrees,
Formed in accordance with an occult law
To serve the spirit as its instrument,
Is here a substitute, in higher ways,
For his first body, hitherto of Earth.

So here began Man's real, final home,
Outside the galling bondage of the flesh
That oft aforetime had bewildered him.
As he progressed in spirit life, at length
The fears of Death, that terrorized him once
With dark fore-shadows, as of wrath to come,
He now felt not; nor saw an angry foe
With fires of judgment, and with racks of pain;
Nor felt a pang — save when his conscience waked,
In justice come to point him of the wrong —
Or yet regrets, which all may come to feel.
This trinity of spirit heritage —
Man's second birth, and body, second life —
As in the mortal series, pressed his thought,
And he began in spirit, by degrees,
To learn the source of many things that teased

L. of C.

His earthly understanding, weak, at best.
The greater questions here concerned himself,
As when mortality was his; but now,
What hitherto had been in doubt, unseen,
He could find answer in the place itself,
And here, the grandest fact — that he still lived!
He found his end — as that of Man — would be
To bide in spirit with progressive thought;
And learn of Nature and Eternal Mind.
So, truth discerning by its native light,
Found Death, who holds the passage hitherward,
Remains forever on the side of Earth;
Nor gains a step beyond his brazen gates;
Nor trespasses upon th' immortal plain.
Discovered, too, his new life like the old,
In that he was unchanged in human thought;
His spiritual body, like the first,
With members, parts, co-ordinate, and free.
He also saw increasing numbers come,
And met with childhood, youth, manhood, and age,
In like humanity as on the Earth;
So natural, and like himself he seemed,

In body, will, and instincts, he might dwell
In the first stage of spirit life, nor think
Himself apart from Earth; if so, in dream.
As law was first, so stays; nor lapse of time
Estops the friendly interchange of thought,
Twixt those in spirit, and mortality.

The right makes triumph over every wrong,
As fast as human souls are lifted up
Through earnest striving for the better way,
Whether in earth-life, or in that beyond;
And correspondingly will darkness flee
When driven out before the flame of truth.
In Spirit-land, as Earth, Man, like a child,
The constant tutelage of Nature needs.
Born poor, and weak, in heirship rich and vast,
Past mortal limits he must strive amain,
And work for that ideal of himself
Which is the dream of all the great, and good;
And this fruition, greatest of his hope,
The Spirit World in trust has held for him
Since first he landed on time's distant shores.

Though born of Spirit, Man to circumstance
Is prey, and seldom can its chains unbind.
While evil pleases often more than good,
Virtue controls the weight of confidence;
And none so low, abandoned, or distress'd,
But to the voice of kindness will give ear.
Though crime and lawlessness stalk brazenly,
And shame the very beasts, comparative,
Yet such, for all unripeness, shall at last
Come forth to wisdom, and maturity.
In Man's first ignorance, and selfishness,
His instincts beastly were, and grovelling;
Nor had he then what later of the race,
Came to possess through large society,
Where reciprocity of wants, and helps,
Bound everyone together as with thongs,
Making each unit so united, that,
All prospered or rejoiced, in bonds alike.
As on the Earth, so in the Spirit World,
Union is strength and aggregate of force;
Herein the right shall overtop all wrong,
For evil is disunion, and must lose.

First Love, then Death, upon the planet came.
The last, earth-born, yoked with its comrade here,
Presided over all things animate,
As well, inanimate. Their equal care,
All changes everywhere through Nature wrought.
But Love, the builder, came to heal, to bless;
To re-create, re-cast, re-juvenate,
Bringing all things from old, to newer forms;
While Death, a shadow, dark and spiritless,
A blight to hang on energy, and growth,
Labored opposing — from the new, to old;
Chasing the Seasons in their ceaseless round,
He followed life to every sepulchre.

Where Love brought beauty, blossoming, to view,
And lit all efforts with a hopeful face,
Revived the spark hid in the breast of gloom,
Or led the way to newer victories,
'Twas Death alone, with wanton torch, assailed,
And would destroy what Love would urge to life.
Tho' Death bro't mould, 'twas Love with flowers came;
Whatever loss by one, the other filled
With resurrective hope, and joy of birth.

So on with every movement shadowing,
From bud, to fruit, alternate Death pursued.
But Love, the victor, ever in advance,
Made higher goal in each succeeding race,
Till, as with Man, despite the woes of flesh,
He brought him lastly past all harm of Death,
An endless being, to the Spirit World.
Though foe to Man, and every form of life
That comes to bud or blossom on the Earth,
Death holds at best but a divided power;
For, like a sheriff, bounden by the law,
Can but arrest the body, not the soul.

With Love, and Death, contending thro' the year,
Behold what changes in the seasons four!
From icy Winter, how the youthful Spring,
Bursting its chrysalis, and fettered husk,
From the dead body of the year steps forth,
A revelation of heredity!
From Spring, through loss by sacrifice of bud,
And stem, in turn the joyous Summer comes.
From Summer, soon bereft of blooming boughs,

And ripening heat, comes brown-hued Autumn next.
At last lies Winter cold, in fleecy shroud,
Above the withered leaves that fell, like tears,
At Autumn's melancholy obsequies!

Like changes have appeared — from first to last —
Along Man's four divisions of Earth-life:
At Infancy, the Spring-tide of his life;
With promised buds, from out the Winter dark
Of his pre-natal state. Then Youth, with bloom
And growth, his Summer. Autumn, his Manhood next,
With perfect fullness of the tree, and fruit.
Lastly, the pale, and shrivelled trunk of Age,
Again the Winter of his mortal round.
These changes in each year, so palpable,
Taught Man his own earth-life was similar;
For, as they failed not, and replaced their kind,
Each following in cycles, endlessly,
He saw from midst this constant, shifting scene,
The new arise from springs perennial.
So with himself, transforming, yet the same;
And to his earthly close, a foretaste had,

In part, of his own mortal destiny.
Yearly he saw that out of Winter's fold,
Had issued forth each Spring, in series due,
Without mischance; so learned how orderly
That Nature was. From this he dreamed, child-like,
That he, erelong, like as the Spring, would wake
Beyond the Winter of his mortal years,
And pass henceforth a life of happiness,
Where all was peace, and Death could never come.
Simple was this belief; but it sufficed
To calm his spirit, surging with unrest,
Built as his hope was on the evidence
Which Nature gave with truth, and certainty.
Often as Spring refreshed the turning year,
Saw nothing lost but brighter next appeared,
Or absent from the sight, but soon returned.
So with his own kind: — saw them still persist
Through like mutation; and, though out of view,
Yet felt them living still, nor far away.
To such as in the earth-life still were bound,
These whispers, soft and reassuring, told
Of life and immortality beyond.

Thus, fortified by lessons nature taught,
From time to time Man caught the precious truth,
That Death ne'er gained but sapless victories,
However swift, or sure, his strokes were dealt.

Thoughtful was Nature for the human race,
Since its appearance in primeval days;
Giving successively to each, through Death,
A second, grander life, of endless growth;
An ever-shoreless view to compensate
For mortal limits in its earthly home;
And everything of worth Man gained below,
Was credited by wealth of character,
Which was his capital in second life.
Here, too, intelligence, and goodness grow
As elsewhere by desire, and exercise;
Giving what one has gained, or has received
By merit, gift, or by experience,
To those less fortunate of circumstance;
All, mutually rising by degrees,
Find peace, and happiness, through usefulness.
What best resulted by this interchange

Of thought, and service in the spirit realm,
The same below, with mortals, too, ensued;
For here, what any master saw, or wrote,
Or wrought, or spoke, as given to himself,
Was not for selfish profit to be held;
Such being reapers called in wisdom forth,
To gather stores in benefit for all.

But none the less, the crown is due to them,
Who, through their genius, glorify the race.
They bring to Earth a spiritual charm
Distinct in each material design;
For, though their works be seen, or heard the while,
They stand for something yet beyond the name;
That is, the outer semblance but suggests
The spirit of the thing invisible,
As where th' aroma which the rose gives forth;
By it, of all things else, the rose is known.

Intelligence, at length, with numbers grew
In this new country whither Man had come;
But years by many thousands came, and went,
Before his promise had received returns

In any way commensurate with hope.
As time ran on, those come to spirit life,
And organized as more susceptible
To spirit influence than were the rest,
Acted as nuclei of force, and thought;—
Like under certain laws of light, or heat:
The more in focus, so the more intense.
With these recipients of extra power
Among the people of the Spirit World,
Were sensitives on Earth also, who had
A native gift of spiritual sight,
Hearing — or both, surpassing others there;
So what they saw, or heard, the rest knew not.
For this, were seers or prophets called, or gods,
According to th' appraisal of their acts
Which rose above the common average.
By such things then were some men called divine,
Whose sight, or speech, seemed other than of Earth.
All those now disembodied of the flesh,
In spirit life are seen in varied light;
Some with the weakest, some the shortest rays,
Like merest glimmer in a sea of night.

The greater ones, by wisdom crowned in light,
Are luminous as planets, or as suns:
And throw their beams beneficent around;
Thus, bringing Virtue forth all glorious,
Against the dark comparison of Wrong.

Lo! now where Love, the Shining Prince appears,
In armor dight, upon the highest point
Which overlook'd and crown'd the plains thereat.
Casting his face about to every side,
His smile, unutterably bright,
Illumines like a sun the region round.
And as he stands, illustrious of all,
As with one voice, th' unnumbered multitude,
Of those once mortals on the shores of time —
Now clothed anew in spirit, as in strength —
With loud hosannas greet his matchless form.
His mighty sword withdrawn, of blinding sheen,
From tip to hilt, upright upon his left,
Supports in graceful poise his hollow palm.
While in his right hand, lifted up, he holds

The grandest banner ever light shone on,
With flaming letters, inexpressible,
Thus reading: "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men."
The hearts of all are glowing with the scene;
And every face reveals an inward peace;
And every eye, and tongue, and every pulse,
Hail him with acclamations of delight.
The air around is fragrant with his breath,
Which, like to incense from an altar high,
Descending, floats above the heavenly host,
And over all in bondage on the Earth.
It is the spirit and the peace of Love;
And into every sorrow drops a balm.
It dries all tears that grief has caused to flow;
Puts weary hands at ease that labor drove;
And aching feet at rest from stony ways;
Re-joins heart covenants that fate had wrecked;
Or broken hopes ambition failed to mend.
It carries helpfulness to those cast down
Amid the dismal waters of Death's moat,
Whose turbid currents flow earth-side the walls
That fringe the borders of the Spirit-land.

Thrice to the east, the west, the north, the south,
Next Love, in graceful orbits waves on high
His banner glorious. First, sweeping low,
It gently trails along the plains of Earth;
Then rising upward past his lofty plume,
Into the vast empyrean it moves
With but the sound of sighing in its path.
Passing the zenith of celestial space,
Within whose vault the mighty planets swing,—
Circling, it next descends, and then repeats.

So Love in spiritual brightness stands;
And as his banner signals hope, and peace,
Not only to each one in second life,
But those of Earth as well, in mortal toils—
By Death beleaguered, he, with special zeal,
Pours out his tenderness. Observing this,
The untold numbers that around him stand,
With anxious hearts are waiting on his sign;
Or yet, with longing eyes, seek for themselves
Those whom they left in earthly tears, and pain,
Or groping darkly in the mortal vale,

Or nearing to the hour of their release.
By Love assisted, they have learn'd the fact —
That all good deeds wrought here, as on the Earth,
Are to their credit placed in peace of mind,
For such it is brings surest happiness;
While friendship grows in exercise thereof,
Seeing its fulness of reward in joy —
Both to the one receiving, and who gives.

Responsive now, with tender, yearning hearts,
They listen to the cry of human wants
Forever coming from the mortal shores;
And ever sleepless, keep unwearied watch,
To aid with courage, sympathy, and hope.
They treasure up remembrance of the Earth,
And long will be the time, ere this fades out —
Of home, or friends, with all their kindred ties, —
Their place of birth, their life, and even death.
They heed, as well, the stranger in distress,
And all that claim the fellowship of Man,
If they but ask in justice of their pleas,
By open voice, or yet by silent thought.

There is no one of Earth, however bad,
But guides are offered for his stumbling feet.
Kindly the spirits feel who seek his good,
Knowing full well from past experience,
How hard at times the way which mortals tread,
And if not succored oft, by friendly aid,
Will lose their steps in dark discouragement.

When Love his signals closed, full satisfied,
He brought the standard to his side, and fixed
It there, firm set, upon the eminence;
The banner curling still in softest airs,
With rhythmic pulse of beauty, rapturous.
Sheathing his pùissant bright sword, he next
Withdrew into the peopled plains below,
Where yet were gathered all the shining host,
Whose choice, and exercise of kindly deeds,
Made their souls clear, transparent of the right.
All those yet dark, forbidding, evil-starr'd,
Could not for shame, or lack of power, remain
Where all was light, and peace, and happiness;
Such being still as they had come from Earth —

Too ignorant, or criminal in thought
To seek the true, the beautiful, the good:
These crowded on the borders, shy, apart,
Nor felt the peace of mind they had not earned.

So then, 'tis true, all are not happy there,
Nor yet from evil free, in spirit life;
For all conditions, sorts, and qualities,
Make up the multitudes that have gone hence —
The same, extended from the mortal life;
And vicious characters will yet retain,
In part, or whole, what they inherited
From their past lives. Such will adhere to them;
Till, from their lower levels they arise,
Intelligent, to higher, better states.
Death takes the body, but the soul escapes
Entire, and without change of character.
All imperfections, from whatever source —
Whether of evil, or of ignorance —
Accompany the flight of every soul,
And so are intimate, till, one by one,
They drop away, disclaimed by nobler growth.

All natures act by laws of their descent;
Some urging for the right, some for the wrong.
The first continue upward to the light,
And add propulsion to each good intent;
While those of evil, being opposite,
Seek ever the perversion of the first.
Good natures in the spirit life, find joy
In kind and lofty acts of helpfulness.
The bad delight in evil of all kinds,
And flee confusedly from righteous ways.
'Tis such as these, who, though unseen themselves,
Will seek their kind upon the Earth, and there,
With evil-doers, make co-partnership;
Or, fiend-like haunt their souls maliciously.
They join the agents of destructive change,
Of violence, and ruin, everywhere,
And fill the baneful shadows of both worlds.

So they of Earth, whatever be their crimes,
Will have grim helpers in their infamy;
While those who strive to good ends, will receive
The wise assistance of the just, and true,

For likeness finds its own, on either side.
Hence, doing right, becomes the better choice,
Bringing with joy, th' approval of the good,
Whose bright encouragement gives added strength;
But evil, which invites the lower class,
Can offer nothing kind to human hearts;
Not even a simple message of good cheer,
Or lessen aught of sorrow, anywhere!
It has no thought of pity for the grind
Of wearing illness, or misfortunes dire;
But selfishness, and greed, and moral taint,
Envelope it in dark, and threatful clouds.
Hiding for shame, distrustful of itself,
Evil finds welcome in each savage breast;
But patiently good spirits watch, and wait,
Despairing not of final victory.
Its willing agents revel oft in spite;
And, vicious then at heart, though baffled oft,
They seek by every wit of cunning schemes,
To tempt, or tease, with promises, or threats;
Or waste the life of mortals in despair;
Or trip unstable, unsuspecting feet;

And harass where they cannot overcome.
These bring their own discomfiture at last;
And evermore, in vain oppose themselves
Against the edicts of th' Eternal Mind,
Who, unto Love, the Prince so well approved,
Has charged to gather every soul at last,
Into the circle of his shielding arms;
For every birth is warrant for a life,
Which, passing Death, continues endlessly:
And whatsoe'er its term of pupilage,
Or hinderance of evil clogs the way,
Triumphant, at meridian of hope,
Its crown of ripeness finally shall rest.

The Spirit world, Man's final residence,
Where he in spiritual life abides,
Is so arranged impartially for all,
That here, disposed in perfect equity,
Is every human being that has left
The vestments of mortality on Earth;
And coming thus through Death, to second birth,
To second body, and to second life,

Is harmless now from Death, forevermore.
This is the great decree for all Man-kind,
Who come to mortal birth; nor, shall it fail
Of full accomplishment, till time itself,
Decrepit with old age, is tottering;
And stars fall out, and Earth again is void.

Close following Love's final sign, there came
A mighty chorus, swelling far, and wide, —
In volume all the nether world could hear,
And all the upper in its length, and breadth.
The planets heard; and all the stars of space
Their light increased through ecstasy of joy.
It was the triumph of free, human souls,
Exulting in the knowledge of the truth,
Here manifest in presence of the fact
That mortal puts on immortality;
That spiritual garments, incorrupt,
Await all souls shrived of their mortal dress.
In tones of hope, triumphant over all,
It reached to every heart and home of Earth;
To every one in sickness, and distress;

Disconsolate, or groping for the light.
It urged for courage in the breast of doubt,
And bade its altars flame with high resolves.
Its waves magnetic every life reviv'd,
And re-inforced th' emblazoned words of Love,
Declaring—"Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men"—
Which he left waving high upon the crest.
The thrilling Chorus of Immortals touched,
And charmed surpassingly, all space around:—

"We live! we live!"—onward the chorus rolls.
"We live! we live!"—again repeats the host.
"Hear ye! hear ye! O Unbelieving Souls!
"And turn your doubting thoughts to this bright coast.
"Here Love supreme, eternally shall reign;
"Where Death, nor Hunger come, nor Sleep, nor Pain.

"Awake! awake!" once more the glad refrain.
"Awake! awake!"—the spirit voices sing.
"When Earth grows dim, then Death will reap his gain;
"But fear him not, he yet shall freedom bring.
"Here, Love, the souls of men shall ever keep;
"Where Death, nor Hunger come, nor Pain, nor Sleep."

When softly faded out the final chords
In tender murmurs through the gulf of space,
And Earth was stilled to rest, like as a babe,
By the sweet cadence of the spirit choir,
A peace unspeakable then overspread
The multitudes that filled the plains of light.
The banner Love had proudly held aloft,
Was floating peerless from the altitude
Where he had left it, to be seen of all;
And having now descended, he came forth
To speak before th' assembled spirit host.

The landscape here, earth-like, but glorified,
Hath bush and bloom of every heavenly kind.
All these, of time-defying colors tinct,
Their perfumes give to the enchanted sense;
Or fountains, here and there, whose graceful sprays
In shining curves returning, break, and fall,
In sparkling drops on beds of asphodel.
Birds, too, of every plumage beautiful,
Are joyously a-wing in fragrant groves;
Or, pouring forth in songs so rapturous,

That all the air harmonious is thrill'd,
And every soul more lustrous with delight.
The place Love chose, was for the public use,
With broad and pleasant paths dispersed therein;
Or straight, or tortuous, and lined with flowers,
Or shrubs, and sward, of ever living green.
Quite in the midst there stood a canopy,
Lofty, and grand, with unobstructing sides;
And underneath, a platform, fairly raised,
To sweep in view this portion of the plain,
Known as the Forum. This was ever free,
To such as here were often called to teach
The less instructed, or to give advice
Upon all matters pertinent, and wise,
Either as place for council, or debate.
Hither at this hour, Love, by urgent voice,
Had come to answer certain questions old,
That from the Earth were rising constantly,
And seeking as for rest in evidence,
Touching the immortality of Man,
Or facts of his continuance of Life
In spite of Death, some thought to be the end.

Th' Eternal Mind, supreme o'er Heaven and Earth,
Congenial to his will, himself revealed
But through his Attributes and Messengers;
Though bright his face in nameless glory shone,
Behind the vail of majesty divine.
Him they saw not, but all, his presence felt;
For this he left diffused in every space
Invisible, yet as it were, in fact,
The vitalizing atmosphere they breathed,
Whose inspiration was their very life.
Therefore it may be said, he lived in them,
And they in him, by this surrounding breath
Which was substantial, and incorporate,
Involving every one in spirit life,
As common air those living on the Earth.
Hereby each spirit found its sustenance,
And by it lived, and moved, and being held.
Here, as in semblance of some brooding wing
That shelter gave, and comfort, they all found
Ideal satisfaction, which in vain
They sought for when in crude mortality.
Th' uplifting influence of happy thoughts;

The free companionship of equal minds;
The gracious acts of goodness manifest
From higher spiritual fellowship —
All these produced a beatific sense
Unspeakable, giving to such as these,
Who sought for high unfoldment of their lives,
The fullness of their hope with each attempt,
And so, fruition of the soul's desire.

As when some place, lately inhabited,
To one, a stranger maybe, entering —
Seems filled with peace and sweetness, everywhere,
Haunted as by some gentle potency,
So actual, but nowhere visible,
Yet quiet gives to body, and to brain —
He well affirms his restfulness complete,
It hath such measure given of content.
He feels that here, of all the Earth affords,
It were a harbor safe from every storm.
Like this below, so in the Spirit World,
To those who enter — strangers as they are —
And come to realize the wholesome spell

Its spiritual atmosphere, unseen,
Hath in its welcome to the soul from Earth,
Now born anew to its inheritance.

Around the central forùm, whither Love,
In all his princely glory had arrived,
Were certain seats of fitness, and design.
Among them seen in graceful, regal ease,
Conspicuous above all others there —
Was Nature, consort of Eternal Mind.
Beaming she gazed with gracious amplitude
Upon the scene she had herself arranged,
Where Love, the Shining One, was soon to speak;
And as she looked out o'er the waiting host,
Of these, her children, now in second life,
A murmur from all sides around, prolonged
In hushed surprise upon her lovely face.
Faultless was she in queenly robes adorned;
In tone, so harmonized with all the view,
That every eye beheld a glory here
Unrivalled in her majesty on Earth.

All were delighted with her varied charms,
Proud of their gift of life, by her bequeathed;
And loud her praises rang, from heart to heart,
Till all the heavens echoed far, and wide.

Next then to Nature: Joy, co-heir with Love —
Princess, and Prince, throughout the Spirit world.
All caught from her the rapture that she felt,
And blest her coming, and her genial mood.
Made were her garments of most pleasing hues,
Bright were her eyes, and sparkling like as stars;
And smooth her forehead, where no wrinkles chased
Themselves in furrows with the streams of time.
Her look magnetic, and infectious, gave
To everyone beholding, such new sense
Of happiness they never felt before.

Next; — Will, and Reason, too, of right were there,
Awaiting Love's address; for these — Love, Will,
And Reason, were the highest officers
In the first council of Eternal Mind.
But far the fairest of the three was Love;

And as he stepped upon the welcome stage,
Invulnerably bright, in armor cas'd,
Taking his seat betime with smiling Joy,
He looked the hero which his name imports;
While Nature, glowing with maternal pride,
Felt with the rest, his charm of spirit power.
His helmet shining, and his drooping plume,
Waving with every motion, every breeze,
His animated mien, and winsome face,
With Joy — his happy comrade by his side —
Made up a picture all had gladly owned,
Was unsurpassed in loveliness, and light.

Will, on the other hand, stern, and alert,
Charged with electric energy, and strength,
Took in the scene with swift, amazing sight,
With sudden starts of eagerness, and zeal,
Now seemingly impulsive, now restrained.
His ample figure was herculean,
And none had ever seen a form before,
So palpable, and full of conscious force,
Nor ever one that paid such deference

To those around, as he. His dress was plain,
Substantial, but of fibre fine, and strong,
Both as became the hero of great deeds,
And also first executive of state —
Both in the Spirit World, and on the Earth.
His tread, all-shaking in its greatest power,
Was soft to dalliance in lightest moods.
His head was leonine; nor band, nor crown,
Confined his dark, and thickly pendant hair.
His badge of office was a mighty mace;
When this he swung aloft, with look severe,
His agents numerous in either world,
Were slow, or swift, as he commanded them;
Nor failed he ever, for his arm was strong.

But Reason differed both from giant Will,
And brilliant Love, in manner, and in dress.
With Reason, all was steady, and in hand,
Whose office was more grave, judicial, calm.
Fair was his face; his eyes, deep and serene.
His manner was distinguished from the rest
By peaceful look, and quiet, thoughtful pose,

As having infinite intelligence;
For wisdom like an aura covered him
In golden glory, irreproachable.
His dress was rich, harmonious, and rare,
Befitting his high rank, and as the first
Of counsellors in deep affairs of state,
His judgment was required in all decrees
Built on the majesty of law. Will, too,
He aided by directive sight, saving
His energy from wasteful overplus
In issues that for calmer judgment called.
To Love, he gave th' approval of his heart,
Beside that of his brain; for well he knew,
And felt, that such as Nature had endowed
With life, the simplest justice in the case
Would be, the tenderness she had expressed
For them through Love, the active Prince of State.

Since first that Man received him on the Earth,
However coldly, or with what distrust,
Reason has ever felt a deep concern,
Charging his youthful manhood with new thoughts,

Showing the cause of things, that else would be
Unknown. Through Reason, then, it was that Man
Progressed, and rose above the animal.
The power which Reason thus conferred on him,
Was intellectual; while that of Love,
Was spiritual. These, enforced by Will,
Made the tripartite crown of Man's estate,
And the distinctive feature of his race.
Therefore it is that Reason, Will, and Love, —
With Joy, as satisfaction and reward —
Hold such immortal interest in their charge.

Love now arose, ineffable to sight.
Advancing forth with high, and charming cast
Of countenance, he turned his gaze around;
And as he raised his hands above the host,
Both to give blessing, and attention claim,
There fell a pause, impressive as the hush
Of stillness on a soft and summer eve,
When the great sun gives farewell to the scene
In golden benediction of his peace;
When all possessed of motion, and of life,

Seem breathless with a deep and holy rest,
Or yet, as in a reverential frame
Of sweet communion with the eventide.
Brief was the spell which held the hearts of all;
For, as by one consent, the multitude,
Feeling the call to outer consciousness,
Broke gently from the fascinating bonds
Of spirit influence, which Love had shed;
This from his fingers dripping, as it were,
In trembling showers of magic potency,
When he his hands extended over them.
Thus, coming to themselves from distant shores
Of thought, whither enraptured feelings led,
They speedily became composed, but kept
The face of Love in all-absorbing gaze.

Meanwhile, he called his chosen messengers,
And bade them take the words he soon should give,
To the near outposts of the mortal world,
And there repeat them to the sensitives,
Or mediums, who had assembled there.
These last were those well qualified by gifts

To take that which was given unto them —
By those residing in the Spirit World.
Now, should they speak unconscious, as in trance,
They are as 'telephones,' and so convey
The voice of spirits other than their own;
Or, yet the same, receive for either side
Such conversation as may pass between.

Should they be conscious instruments the while,
They can bring use of spiritual sight,
And pierce the vail of earthly hinderance,
And see the forms, and faces, of their friends,
Who come to meet them, bearing words of cheer;
Or yet, by hearing can of truth report
What words are given from the spirit side;
Or yet, by touch, or feeling, though unseen,
Can testify to earth of friendly hands,
That they are near in sympathy, and help.

Thus, through the ages, have Earth's sensitives,
Though oft contemn'd by friends material,
Been as evangels of the Spirit World;
Though still this side, were cognizant of that,
And what was once the unknown, have made known.

This order in the laws of spirit holds: —
That whosoever dwells in spirit life,
If he be human, and intelligent,
May prove himself to one in mortal state;
The latter failing only to receive,
By reason of imperfect inner sense,
Or undeveloped spiritual sight,
Or disregard, or willful prejudice;
But when conditions perfectly exist,
They offer then a free and open port,
Where friendly argosies can make exchange,
With profit, and with pleasure mutual.
Here one, perchance, brings from his farther shores,
What hitherto, at least, had been concealed
From earthly view, or mayhap, all unknown.
The other one, of mortal anchorage, —
Gives his assurance of continued love,
And asks for higher knowledge of the fact —
Here shown in truth — of life continual.
No earthly testimonies can compare,
In value and content with such as prove
Man's spirit life, and final destiny.

When now arrangements had been made complete,
Then Love, the Shining One, magnificent,
His eyes aglow with kindness and good will,
Sublime beyond compare, stood forth at once;
And there amidst expectant multitudes,
In face, and form, unspeakably refined,
With matchless voice, and grace, assuring, spoke:
"Beloved children of the Race of Man:
I speak especially for those of Earth,
Who still persist there is no evidence
Of immortality beyond the grave;
And unto those whose learnèd fears, and doubts,
Discourage faith, and say this truth is vain.
"Ye that around me stand, disrobed of flesh,
Which dropped corruptive at the hands of Death,
Now clad in bodies incorruptible
In second life, which fadeth not away,
Need not to be admonished of this truth:
That every soul's existence hath no end.
That one, though mortal, was immortal born;
For ye can here behold with open sight,
What many have denied upon the Earth.

So, while ye listen to the words I speak,
Remember, 'tis your duty to bear light;
And carry that abroad which once you craved;
Lifting your brothers up that they may see;
And give them hope, where else may be despair.
Be patient, and be truthful in the cause,
Whether they wrongly, or they rightly turn;
For each needs guidance in his mortal path;
The one to find the right, and both — to keep.

"As much of what thou hast, they cannot see,
So much will later come thou know'st not of.
Be humble then, yet fervent in thy zeal,
Being — as now — thy loving task to show,
That it is true, as said: — 'Death comes not here.'
But much will check conveyance of the fact,
Save unto those of finer spirit sight;
So, teach the many as thou wouldst a child,
By simple tongue, and test, and circumstance,
As first by letters, then in words combined;
For, not till they shall reason by degrees
Upon the wonders thou hast given them,

Can they receive the fullness of the text.
But of this Spirit World, which thou hast gained,
Thou canst not gauge its height, nor breadth, nor depth,
For Spirit only can encompass all;
And ye are only parts, and not the whole.

"Like as the Sun, above the morning fog,
Which lieth spread o'er some earth vale below,
By slow degrees removeth as it shines;
So too, the light which cometh from these heights,
At last, with patient effort, will dissolve
The clouds of Ignorance which cover Earth.
"To help this end, 'twere well thou shouldst repair
On good occasion — like these messengers —
Where frequent stations intersect the shores
Which border on the land of thy first birth.
Seek there the sensitives upon that side;
There mayest thou in truth take in exchange
For hope and comfort, their belief, and trust.
Then, as time prospers, and ye persevere,
The children of the Earth will welcome give,
With understanding, as they will in heart.

"The human soul with spirit-body clothed,
Moves without wings, pursuant of its will;
As free as thought, untrammelled of the flesh,
Or walls of stone, or time, or space, or age.
In dreams, so mortals venture here, and there,
By spirit-flight, while sleep the body keeps;
Or yet by day, when musing thoughts prevail,
One goes abroad in spirit and afar;
Or, near at hand — it matters not for leagues —
He compasses all distances with ease.

"In likeness thus, the spirit-man can go
Swift as his wish, or urgency requires,
Throughout the circle of his spirit power,
And free from every tether, or constraint,
Which circumstance of earth-life once enjoined.

"There, when his spirit its excursions made
Into the world out-lying mortal sense,
His earthly body must be left behind —
As when asleep, he wandered forth in dream,
Or musing deep in sweet, and pensive thought.
Here, wheresoe'er desiring, he can go,
In mind or spirit, personal, and whole;

Without the care of Hunger, Sleep, or Pain,
While using now his spiritual form —
Without the limitations erst of Earth.

"Man keepeth life in continuity,
Through all the tides and tempests of the Earth.
The sequence there continues onward, past
The seeming halt of Death, to this new life —
As real as the old; a living fact
Of actuality, and substance true.
It hath the duplicate of that below
In sky, and stream, in lake, and forest grand;
In landscape, lights, and shadows, trees, and flowers.
But life here is transcendent, and enlarged
In its vitality, and enterprise,
So riseth unto heights of grandest power.
"Nature is queen here as she is on Earth,
And keepeth all in law and order bound.
Man here attains his best, and taketh growth
In spirit, through endeavor. Thus, there is
Variety of thought and purpose here;
And what are songs of triumph unto us,

Findeth their echoes in the earthly sphere;
And, the reverse is equally as true.

"It should be then remembered that mankind,
With upward unity is marching on,
Continuous in birth, and ancestry;
But Man, as mortal, or immortal called,
Remaineth Man the same, nor can be else.
What touched him most on Earth, may also here,
And no delight, or sorrow, or of hurt,
In earth-life but finds sympathy in this.
In fact, the freedom of the spirit-man,
Being without the clogs and bonds of flesh,
Permitteth him more easily to come
In the behalf of friends he left on Earth,
Than when aforetime his mortality
Put limitations on his best attempts.

"This, too, is true, What Man was first, so is
He last — in this: — If morally infirm
On Earth, he will be here — at first, until,
Through constant urgency improvement gains.

If he was upright, and without reproach
In earthly life, so no less here will be;
And otherwise — the same law holdeth true.
"Death changeth not Man's character, nor his
Humanity. His real labor here
Is to improve what best he hath in trust.
Not by strange means, miraculous in power,
Nor flattery of worship cometh grace;
But as one striveth patiently to reach
The higher levels lying in advance,
And gaining as he shall ascend, to give
His higher knowledge unto those in need;
So mutually lifting up the line
Of human nature towards its ultimate.
In these, and kindred efforts, both worlds find
The surest means to happiness, and peace.
Such workers, then, are helpers in the sense
Of ministers and messengers of good,
Whether their spirits yet may be in thrall
Of earthly bonds, or now — as here, released.
"Homes in the Spirit World are like the old,
Save that as differeth all matter from

The soul of things. All spirit homes reflect
Their occupants, be it the more, or less;
Thus indicating their development
Of moral, mental, spiritual gifts;
And so of culture, or artistic taste:
Man's raiment here proclaimeth well the state
Of his development. His spirit now
Is clothed by deeds; and every thought becomes
Substantial, and embodied in his life.
From such materials are spirit homes
Constructed; not of wood, nor stone, nor clay,
Though quite as real to the spirit-sense.
This spirit-life is earth-life reproduced
In its humanity; for mortal once,
Man breaketh not from his inheritance.
"Here cometh every citizen of Earth:
The selfish and tyrannical, the proud
And humble, and they else — or good, or bad;
Whoever Death mows down, falls on this side,
Both they the noble and the mean, alike.
The garments of the one are bright, and fair,
According to their spiritual wealth;

While of the other, — coarse in fibre, gross,
Like as their sensuality, and crime.

"The homeless here are they who did no act
With which to build, or beautify a home;
Nor can they borrow, beg, or buy a place
They may call such, nor seize by force, or fraud;
For 'twill be his alone who earneth it.
'Tis only Man's good deeds availeth him,
And are of value in his spirit-life;
But having these, they will a place create
Which no one can destroy, nor take away,
Being one's own, by right, forevermore.
"Thus stands for time who profit by the search
For what is highest in their earthly lives.
The bad, the low, malicious, will at first,
Continue here awhile in evil ways
Among themselves, or with their kind on Earth;
But when deserving to be clothed anew,
In garments more attractive than the old,
Find kind and willing hands to raise them up
Into conditions of a higher life.

"There are no 'devils' here but such as these;
Nor 'angels,' save all helpful, trusty souls.
But evil have we here, as on the Earth;
Yet, like perverted, undeveloped fruits,
With ripeness and unfoldment, good become;
And what is positive for good, or bad,
Flawless of each, is not in heaven found,
For absolute perfection hath not Man,
Nor can he have till all progression stops.

"So evil, unalloyed, cannot exist;
For light o'er darkness holds unbroken law,
And all of Earth that wisely build at first
In character, by good deeds plentiful,
Will have so much in store for endless homes
Of spiritual beauty, sweetness, light.

"A certain foretaste of one's second life
May thus begin on Earth, by high and fine
Persistence in good purposes; bringing
An elevation of the mortal state,
Which, from th' advantage gained, can rest the while
On higher altitudes of life, and so
Enjoy its better fruits, proportionate.

"But the realities which one will find
Here, on his entering, will not, in fact,
Agree with certain ideas prevalent,
Which long have passed for knowledge positive
Concerning what is called the 'future state.'
For instance: here, there are none rich in lands,
Or gold, or lordly titles, or degrees.
The humblest on the Earth of wholesome life,
Can outrank all the mightiest who come
With tainted pride, and low, degraded souls;
And none so poor, if honest, though unchurch'd,
But here may pass the highest potentate
Of Church, or State — no matter what his fame,
Or name, assumption, high, or holy place.
'Tis character, — whether 'tis good, or bad —
That weighs for one's advantage, or against.
All bogus moralists, and doubtful saints,
Are here cut down as by the scythe of truth.
Religious creeds, and all their followers,
Are shorn of everything they claim, but facts —
Facts that will match with native morals, here,
Not with the standards of their own, too apt

To have been born of earthly selfishness,
Of cowardice, or earthly vanity.

"Here every weakness will be cured at last,
Through the kind ministry of willing hands.
Both schools, and hospitals, as on the Earth,
Keep open doors to all who need. The poor
In spirit, and the ignorant, and those
Deemed morally diseased, or bred to crime,
Are treated by the skillful, and the wise;
While those who come in infancy, and youth,
Are reared, and taught, by nurses who delight
In all such gracious works of loving care.

"Each one who hither comes, both young and old,
First takes the place his spirit qualifies.
From this, it happens, one may find himself,
As 'twere, with infants classed, when he,
Perchance, had left a very great renown
For learning in the highest offices
On Earth; while at his death, the nations mourned
With trappings sumptuous of public woe,

And monuments of sculptured stone, and brass,
Pressed with tremendous accent on his name.
But here he stood alone; though hoping still,
That his great fame on Earth would serve him now.
His character weighed little; and for this,
He took position lowly, as a class,
And found his true place as a child again.

"Perchance also, one mighty in the lore,
And rule of Church as hierarch, comes hence,
As full of pride as if he were a god;
And he, for spiritual fraud, is sent
Into a class of simplest moral laws.
Dismissed of all his costly dress, and pomp,
Beneath the humblest layman he had left,
Here, in the glare of spiritual light,
His spirit, — once so puffed, looks small, and dark.

"So every one his honest place must take,
Without regard to earthly estimates —
Even his own; for the Eternal Mind
Knows no distinction, and will have his way,
And none so proud of glory, or estate,
Can move one jot his ordered equity."

Love pauses briefly here, and looks around.
Lo! where the balmy air is softly stir'd
As when a summer breeze, through fragrant pines,
Blowing at first with sighings sweet, and far,
Then nearer coming, as with rushing sounds
Till fading out to cadence, all is still.
The mighty host is hushed in deep control,
As in the presence of th' Invisible,
Hearing his sweep of garments as he passed;
While Love, arrested of his speech, gives ear,
And smiles in recognition of the cause.
Breaking the silent moments with his voice,
Love thus resumed: —

"Peace unto all the host!
It is the presence of the Viewless One,
Eternal Mind, the Source of all that is,
Coming with vibrant force to every soul;
'Tis he, the Universal Spirit, or
The Life, the Breath, who fills all space around.

"Mov'd by these questions of his entity,
Which have been called in congress at this time,
Both from the Earth, and those assembled here,

He cometh nearer, as it were, to each,
That he may show, by present evidence,
Incorporate of spirit with your own.
He may therefore command me of my voice,
That I may bear the burden of his speech,
Giving a vocal accent to his wish;
Thus I await his pleasure, if so be."

The answer rapturous and swiftly came,
In sounds repeated nearer than before;
And Love, perceiving this affirmative,
Became transfigured, and more brilliant still,
The stronger as interpreter to act.
Feeling the thought-waves that came pouring in
Upon his own, like as a living stream,
He voiced their burden in such chosen words
As might be plainly understood on Earth,
As well as here, on the celestial heights.

"Beloved children:" thus the Voice began.
"Ye are joint heirs to this immortal life,
Of which I am the Spirit, or the Breath.

The creature may not see that which creates,
Yet have ye known and felt me every hour
Of conscious life; and I was present, too,
Before your consciousness in infancy,
And spoke your being, — thus my right of name.
Amongst ye both — here and below — there are
Some older and some younger, as time runs;
But as creator, it was mine to see
The race of Man swell to unreckon'd hosts
From that far time when first he came on Earth.

"Thus ages upon ages have I wrought
With tender heart, and deep solicitude,
For these increasing millions of my own,
Through him, my attribute, whom ye call Love,
Who now acts as my vocal instrument.

"I seek their good, as I, in duty bound
Should do, being responsible to them
Whom I had called without the gift of choice.
I see the wish which this great host implies,
So come to give you, through this officer,
Such hope and cheer as well may profit you,
Concerning certain questions in your minds

Which every one hath right to, and may ask.
I come in spirit, as of Man, 'tis true,
With human words, accent, and mode of speech,
Which may surprise such as dreamed otherwise;
Yet if I came not so, some could not catch
By quick transference these, my few remarks;
But through the voice of Love — made manifest
In human form — whom now you here behold,
I can give address by the simplest means
Which are both clear, and common to you all.
"All ways are mine; but now, on Love's account,
I would but transiently assume control
Of that which I had given him to use —
His personality of form, and voice.
My coming then, is simply to affirm
Not only what he has delivered here,
But to impart some things which I desire
To give to you as more immediate.
So constantly Love acts for me as prince,
Throughout my realm — as known among you all,
I need here add but little to his words
Just now set forth in testament for all,

And well approved in evidence of fact.
This much in preface, since the major part
Of those already here — 'tis strange to say,
And those, of course, who still possess the Earth,
Know little yet of spirit laws in which
All live, and move, but from which none can part.

"Immortal Love, in guise of human form,
So gracious here to sight — through whom I speak —
Is of my spirit, like as Man — save this: —
He ne'er was mortal, nor had come of Earth.
Like him, so Reason here, and Will, and Joy.
Myself and Nature — my divinest spouse —
Alone had neither birth, nor ancestry;
But these our children mentioned, bear the name
Of certain abstract qualities of mine,
Because they each have genius for the same.
Thus are they known in person for the thing,
As visible expressions of the thought;
In proof, behold this Prince ye know as Love,
Personified, and tangible to sight;
So stand the rest in order of their names.

"Now it is also true, as you observe,
That human spirits — here for many years,
Have so developed their own worthiness,
They too are luminous in special gifts.
Maybe like Love, they shine with dazzling pow'r;
Or some again, like Reason, Will, or Joy;
While others here with shadows still remain,
And long may strive in eager search for light,
Who bring such dark conditions from the Earth.
Whoever such may still be pointed out,
Are those come not to harmony as yet,
Being still taint from earthly accidents
Of wretched birth, and other low estates,
Entailed of suffering, disease, and crime.
By constant work, and effort, these shall gain;
And thus each soul will come to higher sense
Of all its rich, eternal verities.
This is th' experience of such as these,
However long the way; and, as for time —
There always will be surplus, but no end.
"Still do the wisest ever seek to know
What is indeed the first, eternal cause:

If it be personal or not, at will;
If felt in spirit, or in matter seen;
If one is endless, and the other brief;
Or are they both, indeed, one and the same,
But differing in vibrant rates of speed
Among their several atoms, changeable.

"It will be right to say, that in the rock
Matter is zero, — silent, as it were;
Though life is even here, by union known.
So low it is, there is no motion seen,
But yet the scale of life continues on
From lowest rock, to farthest evidence,
Till here, at last, the brightest spirits shine
With shimmering intensity of life,
All radiant with light, unspeakable.
For one to reach such spiritual power,
With all the brightness which the best possess,
He must absorb through long, and patient growth,
Th' ascending scales of luminous degrees:
The great and good who have attained these heights,
In strength and glory crown the race of Man.

"Such spirits oft have visited the Earth,
Been seen by mortal eyes, and hailed as gods —
So brilliant was the light that compassed them;
But they were human beings like yourselves,
Risen in power and majesty of soul.

"Know this therefore for truth: there are no 'gods,'
Such as of old were worshipped as divine;
No saviors, prophets, lords, nor seers, save men;
Yet so the error started, and went forth.
They all are human which your histories
Have vested with these claims; but some, at least,
Are worthy of all trust, and confidence,
Who came to aid, and bless their fellowmen,
By wisdom gained from out their spirit home,
Where thought is clearer from its higher range
Above the bonds of flesh, and cares of Earth.
"Here everyone shines with his own true light;
It may be faint, or sharp — of varied hue,
Denoting kind, and spirit quality,
But, such as it may be — dull, or intense —
Here, each sees each, as by the light of truth.

"I hear some question of these things, and ask: —
'If there be neither gods in Earth, nor Heaven,
But falsely so are named, being but men —
And none have personal divinity —
Wherefore am I, who speaketh unto you?'
Ye ask me how, and when I came to this;
If I was first of all ye see, and feel?
Let this reply: There are no witnesses,
No memory, no dates to question now!
I had no birth, nor history; I Was.
Though I had never ancestry; I Am.
"Why speaking here as in Love's armor bright,
With human voice, yet, only as a voice;
How have I caused Love's heart to beat for all
Who are endowed with life, by acts of mine,
And so become as agents unto me;
Or how I came to know my gift of strength,
Or when the planet Earth was first designed,
Or next was fashioned for Man's first abode —
His place of earthly birth, his childhood's school;
Or yet the other worlds of space were made,
Or how the old days ran before their time —

With naught but silence in a sightless void —
There is no date; I was before all else,
Save Nature whom you see, my queen, and spouse.

"She then was young; 'tis true, untaught and wild,
And I was strong and hopeful; but, we two
Soon came to see necessity of each.
We have had many differences since,
And many a world, and race, been blotted out
Through ill-appointment of the plans we sought.
We both had small experience, but grew
To riper knowledge as the ages went.
Chaos was common then, and oft it seemed
Our least ideals ne'er would come to fruit.
I had more patience saved than Nature had,
And so was ne'er discouraged of my work,
But urged for trial new when failures came;
So hope, refurnished thus, gave added strength.
We labored on in union, duty bound;
Trusting thro' time fruition of reward.
Behold around the fruitage of our zeal!

"The life we lead, like yours, is reckoned not

By years — but epochs, victories, events;
So all our steps, though countless, will be marked
From when that time had not as yet begun,
To where, as measure, it will not exist.

"For me, I cannot say whence I am come:
Canst thou the breeze, or rushing of the wind?
I am as Mind, or Spirit, or as Breath;
I am as I were Thought, which hath no weight,
Nor body, but hath energy, and life;
Is never seen, save with the spirit's eye
In lines of light: connective, trembling, swift —
Inquisitive, consuming, agile, sharp.
Invisible to most, yet substance hath;
Nor chains, nor bars, nor prison walls can hold.
It can through matter pass, and leave no trace.
Can see the form imprisoned in the block,
Which long the sculptor quarries for, and finds.
It can create, re-make, but not destroy.
It may avoid, or change, but nothing lose.
Space hath no hinderance, nor distance length
To its swift flight. This quality I gave

In charge to Man, my great Interpreter,
Who by this gift shall seek the uttermost;
For, whether Thought seeks truth with restless zeal,
Or, patiently continues in the search,
Nor time, nor tide, can either trail defraud.
"It hath the quality of all it sees,
And all it hears, or feels, or touches, tastes.
When Thought creates, it giveth of its own,
In form, and character what it desires.
It feeds upon itself at first, till next
It gathers else, increasing thus its hoard
From Earth, through spirit-life, eternally.
So have I that which I have given Man;
For, what he thinks, is mine to understand,
To justify, approve, or to correct.
What he creates, is pattern of his thought,
Which, for its exercise, I gave to him.

"Still might I show by long analogies,
Wherein — what I am, so in part is Man,
In thought, in feeling, spirit, destiny;
He taking these from my paternity.

They are as life-lines thrown out to you all;
By them you leave the mortal wrecks of time,
Seeking the arms of your deliverer,
Who welcomes you upon eternal shores.
Here, when recovered of your trials past,
Nursed by my spirit in its constant care,
All yet shall come to know me as I am,
Not as a form, but imaged in their own,
As in the trees, rocks, mountains, and the seas;
Breath of their breath, life of their spirit-life,
Nor feeds this life save it is fed from mine:
A vital atmosphere in which he moves,
Whose inspirations charge his soul anew,
As oxygen in Man's life physical,
Where, from its pure, and fertile agency,
Is built the bright, strong pulse, of mortal life.

"It may encourage those who find not here
At first, such happiness they thought to have,
Expecting that ideal state of rest
Which they had striven for, and hoped, and prayed,
To simply say — as an impressive fact —

That all my own ideals have not come
To fruit, though planted through the gulf of time.
"Like a mirage, hope ever lureth on,
As when the traveller, o'er burning sands,
Bears bravely up to gain the fair retreat,
But finds its promise an illusive snare.
Again: what's highest in ideal sense,
Which presupposes one's best estimate,
May not be truest after lapse of years,
From changing views along the chosen way;
For, struggles long, and painful steps the while,
Will change the outlook when the height is gained,
And other feelings, other thoughts control.

"As when one reaches some rare mountain top,
Long thought before to hold the grandest views,
Sees others, far, with their surpassing crowns,
Lifted in glory over all his dreams —
So Earth's ideals of the Spirit World,
Like others held, may shift through time, and place.
In other words, one plods his mortal path,
Cheered by the thought of what he names as 'Heaven';

At last, in mellow age, he entereth,
Not in the 'Heaven' of books, but this — of facts.
He stands at first, not on the highest peak —
Mayhap the lowest by comparison —
Seeing around him those long resident,
Glowing with brightness which their virtues made —
High in the strength of spirit radiance.

"Thus, as the ages move, ye all behold
From every present vantage ground, new views,
New triumphs, and new glories yet to win.
And as for me — omnipotent, so-called —
I still am bound by limits uttermost
Like you, to such as I may now possess —
The boundary of my attempts thus far.
Though I might wish above all former deeds
To scale still grander heights of power, and gain,
I cannot reach them till th' accomplished time,
Or ripeness of endeavor will permit;
For ne'er was teacher so proficient yet,
Who was not more enlarged by exercise.
"'Tis so with me; for I remember well,

That I was poor at first, in everything
But energy, and health, and will to do;
And Nature, too, had nothing more than this.
Our first attempts, though honest, were but rude,
As all of you may easily surmise;
With many a storm of passion and retort,
In calmer moments we crept on apace
To new ideals, plans, and services.
Our means at first, so simple in mere force,
Brought none the less confusion in their use,
Where clear refinement in some process called
For less titanic handling of our strength.

"Leaving the elder planets, sun, and stars —
As to their birth, and building, and the rest —
Behold the Earth, what trials in its growth!
At first, chaos of plastic matter; then
Came mighty kneading of the molten mass.
Then whirlings swift and constant, — round and round,
Cooling, and drying, and so shaped its form
As in a potter's wheel. The toil was long,
And slow, and hard; still, as we persevered,

Each effort lifted higher to the next,
When lo! at length, we flashed the spark of life!
This we at first imprisoned in a form
Of simplest organism — pulpy, soft,
As one may fire retain, when sparks are struck
From flints into a tinder well prepared,
Where, with the breath, an active flame may spread.

"This was almost the greatest joy we had;
While Nature followed the discovery
With ways and means, ingenious to the end
Of life's enlargement into consciousness.
From humblest polyp, to Man — our greatest, last —
Were steps more myriad than words can tell;
But we continued with the thrilling hope,
When we, through him, could con'template our past
In sweet serenity of peaceful search,
And plan, with him, for new discoveries.
"We have bestowed this act of life on Man,
And he shall be but second unto us
In his creative gifts, and their results;
For he is spirit-heir to our estate,

And only he, of all our family,
Possessed of restless possibilities,
For all the rest are stayed to standards fixed.
Though limited in Earth-life by his strong,
But mortal bonds, his spirit-life is free;
And here his soul, no more in chrysalis,
Will ripeness find, unburden'd of the husk.

"These things in order have I briefly named,
That you may see that even I had growth,
Had losses, trials, disappointments, pains,
And many failures ere the fruitage came.
'Tis wrong to say, that, on my instant word,
Things unprepared, could come at once to life.
I could not even say — 'Let there be Light,'
Before both substance and the circumstance,
In favoring conjunction would allow;
Nor could I say, alone — 'Let there be Man,'
Till Nature, in her own maternal ways,
Could give assurance of the great result —
Which in its plan, and purpose, would demand
That she, at least, possess maturity,

And faithful comprehension of its claims.
Remember, then — as I have said before —
There is no one 'omnipotent' at once.
It is a growing state, and comes to fruit
Along the line of deeds already won.
What's called omnipotence, is relative:
One cannot reap where nothing yet exists,
Till something has been planted to that end.
Because I have done that now wondered at —
And may do more to warrant Man's surprise —
Yet weak am I, as any one of you,
Against negations void. You say also
That I am quite 'invisible,' because
You see me not. Unseeing proves not much:
The sun may shine despite the blind man's word;
But I myself can see, and feel, and act,
Which is sufficient of the truth to me.
"'Tis said in prayers, and stately rituals,
In words monotonous of thought, and form,
I am 'almighty' — and that I change not.
But if I am all-powerful to do,
And, having done, am powerless to change,

Were it not vain to tear against the fate
Some franticly declare is meet to all,
For errors of the 'First Man,' so alleged?
If this be true, can there be any cure
Against a will immutable, and fix'd?
Can prayers be of avail, or penances?
Or, is there some reserve held back in thought,
That I am not as 'changeless' as the charge,
And I can break my own laws when I choose?
Such logic limps, and is mere foolishness.

"Now love, as an emotion, casts out fear,
And is that part affectional of thought
Which seeks for truth unselfishly in all,
So finds response in brain, as well as heart.
It stands a postulate in every soul,
And is revealed a brooding, tender care;
Indwelling, ever-living, and unbought.
When this becomes idealized in Man,
The borders of its fountains overbrim,
And drip with gracious comfort on his life;
Thus, as it favors him, so am I pleased.

But he who writes, or publishes of me
That which to mine own honor is not true —
Though solemn be his words, and long his prayer,
Hath not this gift, and of its grace he lacks.
Let them put off such palpable mistakes,
And teach the freest welcome of my heart.
Let this be law and maxim unto all: —
Truth is not theirs who cannot truth defend:
Who would be friend, must also friendship win.

"Some still are asking which the better path, —
Touching the two which often urge for choice.
Then know that Right establishes the best,
And calls for honor, self-denial, trust.
It giveth peace a lasting confidence,
Protected by the higher laws of life.
But Wrong, though tempting, leadeth on to snares:
It calls for strength alone to dissipate;
And promised happiness ends in unrest.
Therefore each deed, such being righteous,
Bequeaths to every soul the fullest good;
But otherwise, deceiving, giving stripes,
And to the gall of slavery, adds regrets.

"Of that most frequent question: What of Death?
As often as 'tis asked, reply is sent,
That, where life is not, Death presumes to come;
But not for long; he is a transient guest,
And cannot stay beyond his limits fixed.
"If still some doubt of life continuous,
Tell what your sages have declared for truth
In the reflection of their highest thoughts;
What poets, too, have sung, as in advance;
Whose dreams have gone beyond the mists of Earth,
And come back laden with the cheering news
Of Man's possession of immortal life.
What also those inspired of sight have seen:
As of that seer, and teacher, long approved,
Who spake to you in language for all time,
That well he knew — foreknowledge being his —
That if Man's earthly tenement dissolved,
A new home would he have, not made with hands,
Eternal in the heavens. Much is told
Concerning Man, as to his spirit home;
His second birth, and body, second life
Therein; but more remains impossible

With words of earthly sense, as all shall find,
When their mortality is laid aside,
And of the spirit they are clothed anew.
Then will emotions, past all lower states,
Pervade their living souls forevermore;
While ignorance, and prejudice of doubt,
Which marr'd their spiritual sight before,
Will give away to clearer views of life,
And all, through time, will henceforth be revealed.

"Therefore of earth-life, each may understand,
That, though his mortal house be overwhelm'd,
Its walls subdued, surrendered unto Death,
Such are the steps necessitous for him,
Leaving all perishable things behind.
But every one may gather to his heart
The hope sublime, which shall to fullness come,
That all, however humble, wrecked, or lost,
Must come at last, here, into spirit-life,
Where every one, without mistake, or miss,
Is weighed in scales of justice absolute:
What these declare in honesty as good,

And so comports exactly with himself—
Will stand; what is not good, is of no use.
"Surprising, too, the fact you now have learned,
That, what perhaps was cherished dearly once
As lands, or treasure, hath no value here;
Nothing but motives good, and character,
Can be the keys to spiritual wealth.
To see yourselves as from a mirror shown,
With everything of good, or bad, set forth
Which you had brought from Earth, was thus arrang'd,
That you might know what to avoid, or keep
To your advantage in this second life;
And so grow upward to the heights serene
Of mental and of spiritual peace,
Hereby made possible to every soul.

"Maternal care, through every age well knows,
The new-born child, yet deaf to outward sense,
First of all else the voice of Hunger hears.
Here instinct of its mortal life begins.
Observ'd in infant sleep, it smiles betimes,
As it might feel the kiss of angel lips.

Here instinct of its spirit life begins;
Both, dual acts of inner consciousness.
That smile is of its spirit there encas'd;
The opening bud of soul-life, newly wak'd;
Responsive, as a young plant to the Sun.

"'Twas even when the Child-Man, first of all,
By Nature's arms surrounded, smiled in sleep,
That I made promise to myself in this,
To prove the kinship for all time to come,
Between my spirit and the life I gave.
This promise blossom'd in th' initial test;
For lo! the child my presence knew at once.
The smile I gave was forth returned to me;
And so the bond which we had signed by this,
Prov'd I was his, and henceforth he was mine.

"As it was then, so ever since hath been,
In every age or country, color, race;
It is the little child who leadeth first.
Though but a babe in innocence of sleep;
Blind, helpless weakling on the brim of life;
Its tiny smile, unconscious, lights the way.

"Now, lastly, I would leave you all renewed
In aspiration, courage, and in hope;
And urge for gain where fields inviting lay,
Else, whom the harvest fails, must further seek.
Know then, Man's spirit in mortality
Is seed which comes to final fruitage here;
Hence are derived traditions of its growth,
As well as of the body, seen in this.
These are inborn, inviolate of change,
And are, through memory, in record held,
However long the years upon the Earth,
Or length of ages in the Spirit World.
"The heights which glow with Man's achievements here,
And those which crown his victories below,
Are but the forecast of still greater works
In the bright future of the human race;
For Man hath freedom to this vast estate,
Therefore no limit to his search, or gain.

"What Nature had forewill'd, has come to pass;
And former prophecy is justified:

The stars hide not their distance from his gaze;
Nor the great planets shield their occult laws;
Nor land, nor sea, are dumb to his commands;
Nor storms, nor tempests dire, conceal their wrath;
Nor creatures live that nameless are to him;
Nor smallest life incorporate, unseen;
Nor plants their poison, or their goodness hide;
Nor gems, nor rocks of Earth, their knowledge keep;
Nor heat, nor air, nor light, their gifts refuse.
"He rides the lightning, which he guides, and binds.
The myriad arms of giant steam controls.
He maps the firmament, and names the stars.
'Twixt continents, through oceans deep, he talks.
O'er vales and mountains far, through leagues, he hears.
Describes the orbits, and computes the pace
Of planets, comets, in their fiery paths;
And occupies the pitch of power, and place,
Unique among the creatures of the Earth.

"Since Man was born, all that I ever dream'd,
Will be my joy through him to see fulfill'd;
And when the deeps, yet waiting for his voice,

Shall yield their secrets unreservedly,
Then shall memorials of him be writ,
Of deeds before unheard of and undream'd.
"The harmony of spheres will then be heard,
As well in lower as in higher life;
For Man, himself — my greatest hope reserved —
Shall fill the plan contemplate of both worlds,
Even as Nature had herself foredream'd,
Bringing to use all occult forces, which,
Imponderable and invisible,
Are hidden cause in all of earthly touch,
As well all else of spirit, manifest
In every life, and every source thereof.

"Without Man, Earth were desert-like, and wild;
And this world, lonely as before he came.
Ordered and plann'd, this great realm was for him
Whom I had called pursuant to my wish.
None hath such wealth of privilege as he,
Who bears alone my gift of conscious mind;
Who, legal heir of double worlds, entailed,
Shall rule till perfect his environment.

"See! where Man's argosies ride golden seas
In the bright cycles infinite to come;
When he to wisdom's spirit height attains,
And those on Earth shall walk as by its light!
Then Man shall take on majesty of birth;
With soul exalted, and with faith serene;
In full assumption of his mastery
Through his ideal image sought, and found.
Developed as he was through cosmic scales;
Crown'd now by stature, ultimate of race;
Thenceforth as Man, god-like, will stand complete."

The Voice hereat, with matchless cadence crown'd,
All rapt and glorious, to silence came,
And left the body of its instrument
So lately charged beyond its wonted force.
Love quickly coming to his outward sense,
Felt but the parting presence of his guest,
Like as a viewless trail. Resuming, too,
The habitude which was his own before,
He yet spake not a word, but raised his hands,

As if in parting would his blessing give;
And so, by sign, dismiss'd the audience.
Whereon the countless multitudes dispers'd,
And sought their several labors of delight,
Chanting, the meanwhile, with their lips aglow,
The songs of Peace and Good Will unto Men;
While every soul, through Love renew'd, was filled
With the sweet fragrance of th' Eternal Breath.

THE END.

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